27861

THE WESTERN.

NEW SERIES—VOLUME 5.

EDITED BY H. H. MORGAN.

ST. LOUIS.
G. I. JONES AND COMPANY.
1880.

THE WESTERN.

NEW SERIES.] JANUARY, 1880. [VOL. VI. NO. 1.

MY LORELEI.

A HEIDELBERG ROMANCE.

FROM THE DIARY OF MRS. LOUIS DANTON LYNDE.

HEIDELBERG, *July* 9, 1874. — Louis is still at Frankfort. There are inconveniences in being in love with one's husband, when he has to spend half his time in Frankfort "on business." However, I will not grumble, since but for this same "business" we could not have afforded Europe for years.

We have been here two weeks; we expect to be here two months. The town is a queer, quaint, many-gabled, abominably paved place, with the famous Heidelberger Schloss shouldering its red walls through the trees of the western hills, like the Middle Ages looking down on us. When the sun sets, its rugged towers are outlined against a golden background, such as Fra Angelico gives his Madonnas. Our hotel fronts the Anlage, a charming street, of which only one side is bordered with cream-colored brick, while the other rolls back in wooded hills, where the White Caps hold their Kneipen, and the band plays on summer nights. Louis's Prussian friend, Count Von Reibnitz, recommended the hotel; indeed, he honors it with his own long-descended presence. He is a tall young man, of a florid complexion

and a frank expression. He has regular features, and a great, sun-burned, white mustache, which he waxes at the ends. I cannot believe that his shoulders are so square and his waist so slender without some assistance from art. His regiment is stationed in Schwetzingen, but for some occult reason he seems to spend a great deal of his time here.

Ted Tresham is here also, — my good-natured, good-looking, and, I fear, slightly good-for-nothing cousin, whom I haven't seen for two years. His engagement does not seem to have sobered him particularly. Probably, it is merely a family affair; Miss Tresham is so rich, and his second cousin, besides. She is staying here with her aunt, Mrs. Guernsey, waiting for Uncle Tresham. When he comes, they are going home, and the young people are to be married in December. I have always had a curiosity to see Undine Tresham, and now that I have opportunities, I improve them. She is worth seeing: when I look at her I am reminded of a German Lorelei, and I don't think it is the name altogether which suggests the comparison. No: for there are the deep, calm eyes (quite indescribable eyes); the waving, soft, brown hair, the mysterious smile, — all that delicate and elusive loveliness which the poets give to those strange creatures who attract a passion which they cannot return. She has two marked dimples and a blue vein on her cheek. Her white teeth make her smile dazzling. And she has the very sweetest voice I ever heard. Yet, I doubt my cousin may have made a great mistake. This, too, though Miss Tresham is undeniably clever, and her manners are as charming as her face. Will Coombs was in love with her once. He never asked her to marry him; she was "too jolly heartless," he said. Will has a keen streak running through his nonsense, and I fancy he was right about Undine Tresham. Graceful and cordial and winning as she is, there is an intangible mist of coldness about her, a curious remoteness, a persistent light-heartedness, that seems to spring, not from ignorance or

hardness, but from sheer incapacity to feel. For instance, I cannot for my life imagine those beautiful eyes of hers filled with tears! All this from two weeks' acquaintance and Will's wild talk; decidedly, I am not timid in inference.

July 10. — I know a countess. She is the first countess of my acquaintance, therefore valued. Her name is Dunin Slepshks Wall — something! Mamma has it all neatly written out on a slip of paper, which she carries about with her, that she may be able to address the gnädige frau properly. *I* shall call her "countess." It is short, but at the same time imposing, and I have observed that they always address people so in novels. She is an amiable old woman, who rouges, and smokes cigarettes after dinner. Once she was a celebrated beauty, and she is still a brilliant talker — when she does not speak English. Unhappily, her politeness leads her to always converse with me in my own tongue. I can't tell her I don't understand English; so I sit at *table-d'hote* in a desperate state of mind, listening to her unintelligible fluency, and making frantic guesses at her meaning. Mamma can't understand her at all, and she thinks the poor woman is deaf; and when mamma looks helpless and unhappy, and murmurs, "I beg your pardon?" she yells the remark over again. Her seat at *table-d'hote* is next mine, and opposite we have two Americans. The elder is a middle-aged woman; the younger, a girl of perhaps twenty-three. They are interesting, after a fashion, — that is, the girl is; for the woman looks like nothing so much as a weak water-color, she is so faded, indistinct, and neutral-tinted. But the girl is a beauty! How Titian would rave over her crispy, red-gold hair, and topaz-brown long-lashed eyes, and creamy-white skin, with the pink glowing under the white on her oval cheeks! To me she seems like one of his gorgeous Venetian dames come to life again, with his own luxuriant grace of contour in her figure, and his own alluring splendor of coloring in her face. I suppose nine persons out of ten would call Miss Grace Wilmott

(that is her name, and the water-color's title is Mrs. Moore) a magnificently handsome woman, but I don't like her; to be frank, I don't like Titian. Somehow it is an oppressive kind of beauty; there is a trifle too much of her, and then — her ribbons are never quite fresh! "Such things are women," Louis would say, and he would add that I was prejudiced because she flirts with Ted Tresham. Yesterday she blushed when he came into the room. He took the vacant seat beside her (it is not his seat at all), and one of her dimpled white hands stole under the table. I know from the sheepish look in the corner of Theodore's eye that he squeezed it! Undine and Mrs. Guernsey were not present. I wonder if he cares for his future wife; she, I fancy, is not likely to break her heart for any one. Still, it is impossible not to like her, she is so amusing, and her manners are perfect; with her aunt, for example, nothing could be better. Mrs. Guernsey is odd and fussy, and what must seem even more inexplicable to Undine, fervently enthusiastic; yet she never loses her temper, is always willing to come home before the dew falls, carries as many extra shawls as her aunt suggests, and listens with never-failing patience to the moral reflections. Far be it from me, however, to speak one slighting word of the excellent Mrs. Guernsey; she is a boon! Like mamma, she is a hungerer and a thirster for information. *I* am not. It is consequently an immense relief to have flung in our power, as it were, a comrade for mamma who is continually and indefatigably improving the time. They go off together on little instructive sprees.

July 15. — What a fascination there is about this quiet little town! Nothing is new, no one is excited; even the corps students get drunk decorously. I seem to have stepped out of the bustle and hurry and struggle of modern life. It is bliss, after Chicago. Yesterday we spent the day at the castle; there I saw a young man and a young woman sitting under the lindens. They sat there all day;

half a dozen times we came back to them; always in the same attitudes, — she knitting some blue woollen article, he sitting on the grass at her feet. Occasionally he would take her hand and hold it for a few moments, smiling. He had providently spread a gay handkerchief on the grass, for his clothes were new, beyond a doubt; and he looked tranquilly and unreservedly happy. They said little; but several times the *restauration* waiters brought them beer, and at noon, they ate a great deal of bread and cheese and a large sausage, which they appeared to have brought with them. When night fell, and we went homeward, we overtook them walking hand in hand among the trees. They looked supremely satisfied with life; possibly a trifle stolid, but innocent as Arcadia. Undine glanced up at them as they passed. "They are happy," she said; "probably they are very lately married; but fancy two Americans spending a day in such a way!"

"I don't like American lovers," said I.

We all went up to the castle together, — Undine, Ted, mamma, and I. We rode up the hill in the most degraded manner on diminutive donkeys, with a man walking behind to guide the beasts by the tail! I shall not tell Louis.

The road climbs the steepest of hills through old Heidelberg, which is picturesque and ruinous to the last degree.

All the inhabitants (save a few very bad children, who try to frighten tourists' donkeys) are over eighty, and wear ragged, dingy, blue garments.

At the castle gateway we dismounted and dismissed our donkeys. The gateway itself is a commonplace modern structure, with an iron ring let into the stone on one side. Ted explained that this was the celebrated "wishing ring." One must knock three times with it, wishing the same thing each time; then he must enter and make the circuit of the grounds in absolute silence, going out through the same gateway. If these directions are followed to the letter, whatever he has wished shall surely come to pass. Instantly

out came mamma's Baedecker and glasses. "Has any one ever tried it?" she asked, eagerly.

"Hundreds," said Ted; "only ten have succeeded, though. One of these was a woman."

"Ach, *so*?" said Undine, with the absurd German inflection.

"Actually," said Ted. "I don't wonder you are surprised, but it really happened. She gagged herself with her handkerchief, and had her husband tie her hands, so she managed to walk all around and out safely, but the instant he took the handkerchief out, she gave a kind of gasping scream, and fell down dead!"

"What did she do that for?" said mamma, rather startled.

"Why, you see, she had so much to say that it killed her trying to say it all at once! What are you going to do, Undine?"

Undine, who had laid her hand on the ring, said she was going to wish.

"What will you wish for, leibchen?" said Ted, carelessly. "What have you left to want?"

She lifted her eyes to his; certainly they are the most beautiful eyes in the world. There was a little vibration in her sweet, slow voice, "I don't know, Ted;" she answered, "every thing has come to me before I have had time to want it; I can only wish to keep."

At that moment it occurred to me that I had made a little mistake about my Lorelei. Such a thought had no business to make me melancholy, but it did. I walked by Undine's side, almost as silent as she. For that matter, Ted was the only lively member of the party, since mamma was absorbed in comparing the realities with Baedecker's flights of fancy, — naturally a serious occupation, — and Undine never opened her lips. Finally, she walked out of the gate, and came back smiling. "It *is* a strain, Ted," she confessed. "I hope I shall be immortalized in the castle traditions. I

feel very much exhausted; would you mind going to the *restauration* and having a cup of coffee, Mrs. Burt?"

Ted suggested champagne, but Undine asked him solemnly if he had ever tried the *restauration* champagne, and when he admitted his ignorance, she said, "The coffee is the worst of its kind, but the champagne is simply beyond words."

I am bound to say (after taking both) I think she told the truth. The *restauration* is a wooden building, glaringly modern and out of place so near the grand old ruin. Ugly wooden tables are scattered among the trees, and depressed-looking men, in shabby dress-coats, bear trays in the usual precarious manner, to the people who are seated around the tables. We soon left this scene of festivity and repaired to the museum. There mamma was in her glory. She put me to open shame, standing before some wooden-looking portraits, her bonnet perched disreputably on one side of her head, and audibly reading Baedecker's descriptions. We lost her three times in twenty minutes, and each time we found her thus. The weapons, also, seemed to exert an unaccountable fascination over her. She would take the daggers down from the wall, and run her fingers along the edge, — positively, it looked as though she meant to steal the things!

"Why, my dear," she said, to my remonstrances, "we are all alone in the room, and nobody seems to take the least care of any thing here."

Nobody did seem to take any care, but, nevertheless, I was relieved when we got her safely out of the museum. I hope we did our duty by Heidelberg Castle. Ted took us everywhere. We saw the rent tower, and the tuns, and the great chapel, and a darksome hole which Ted called the monk's chapel; but I think the monks had more sense. Finally, we came out on the terrace.

The sun had sunk below the horizon; only a few crimson streaks, like the careless strokes of an emptied brush,

stained the yellow glow in the west. Far below us was spread the town, a huddle of pointed roofs and church spires; directly beneath, the Neckar ran noiselessly over its rocks; to the right and to the left stretched the hills. The near hills were green, and checkered with corn-fields and vineyards; but in the distance the dark purple outlines looked darker against the yellow sea of light. The shadows of the ruined towers lay long and heavy on the grass. Away to the right, a solitary nightingale was singing; and as we stood listening for a moment, vaguely awed by the beauty and the melancholy of the scene, some students, out of sight, began Heine's song:—

Du hast Diamanten und Perlen,
Hast Alles was Menchenbegehr,
Und hast die schönsten Augen, —
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?

In the friendly dimness I saw Ted's arm steal around his cousin's waist. He hummed the refrain, —

Und du hast die schönsten Augen, —
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?

"What I wished at the gate, Ted," said Undine.

"And what was that?" said Ted, lowering his voice. "A heart, by chance?"

"No," said Undine, quietly; "I have more than I need now. But, Ted, we really ought to go. Aunt Eliza will be worried. She has a wild notion that donkeys run away. She says there is viciousness in their eyes!"

We rode home gaily enough; but that evening, passing Undine's door, it opened and she came out; by the lamplight her face looked pale. For the first time, she seemed to me not the beautiful, cold lorelei about whom I was weaving a fanciful romance, but a girl who had no mother, and who was too rich to have many friends. Almost involuntarily, I drew her to me and kissed her. The faintest flush

tinged her cheek. I can't describe how oddly she looked at me, saying, "Then, I don't chill you, Constance."

"Not to mention," said I, laughing. Then I kissed her again. It is possible she was pleased at something; it is possibles he was hurt at something. I half believe she is as puzzled over the pleasure or the pain, as I am puzzled over that curious look in her eyes.

July 18. — Louis has returned.

July 21. — Yesterday Louis said, "Con, Ted will get himself into a row if he doesn't mind his pace better. I caught him walking on the Anlage with that Miss Wilmott, this evening. It doesn't look well in an engaged man." Decidedly, it does not. Lately Ted's devotion to that girl has been scandalous, even judged by American ideas. Where foreigners must place Miss Wilmott, I don't venture to imagine.

July 26. — Yesterday I was reading *Undine* to Louis, and Von Reibnitz. Undine's namesake, and the countess came in together during the reading, and would not allow me to stop. The countess, who had never read De la Motte Fouqué's charming tale, quite flattered one by her excitement over its ending. "Ah, bah!" she exclaimed, "but then Undine vas a eediot! Thou art but small like her, my friend."

"She should haf some oder man to take her away from dat villain fool," muttered Von Reibnitz. He looked at Undine as he spoke.

I believe I know now why he spends so much time in Heidelberg. Poor young man! Yesterday, after some imperious drill had torn him from us, the countess burst into a kind of Greek chorus of praise; she grew so enthusiastic that she even abandoned her cherished English, and recounted his virtues in French. Not the least of these seemed to be that his mother was the countess's twelfth cousin. For a brief period this brave, this noble young man, this best of sons, had slightly, — but the most slightly, view you, — admired "Mlle. Grase;" but who could care

for her long? "Dear friends, behold the true Bertulda, so weak, so selfish — bah, so pretty!"

She made such a crowning offence of the last adjective that I laughed outright. Nevertheless, the countess is a shrewd old woman.

July 30. — For my sins, Bertulda has taken a fancy to me. She does not improve on acquaintance.

August 2. — Undine bewilders me. Does she care for Ted? If she does, how can she watch Grace Wilmott's audacious flirtation with that odd air of amusement? She has a curious smile, appearing on singularly incongruous occasions; it is almost as if she were smiling at herself. Once I asked her about her name. "My father gave it to me," she said. "It is after an aunt of mine who had a family reputation for fortitude, and my father called me after her because I never cried. You know my mother died when I was born, and there was only he to decide. He died when I was three; I don't even remember how he looked, but I have an idea I should have liked him."

"Didn't you cry often when you were a child?"

"No, somehow I never *wanted* to cry. I really don't remember crying hard but once. That was because I had no little sister. It was amusing."

"It doesn't strike me as amusing."

"You don't know the circumstances. I wasn't more than eight years old. There was a horrid little girl who lived near us, — a dreadfully disagreeable little girl, — who was always chewing gum, and when she tired of that, used to flatten the gum on my hair. It was her crude sense of humor, I suppose; but youth is not tolerant, and it was no end of trouble getting the gum out of my hair! Well, she, this unpleasant little girl, Malie Hungerford, had the sweetest little baby sister in the world. I thought it a great shame that Malie should have three sisters, while I had not even a brother. I was very fond of little Lulu, so I stole her."

"Stole her!"

"Yes, stole her out of the cradle while the nurse was talking to her friend, the ice-man, and Malie was chewing gum somewhere else; stole her, and carried her to an old woman who was to take care of her for me for a dollar a week, my Roman sash, and my new wax doll. You can fancy the conclusion of the story, of course. The old woman was a cunning old woman. She carried the baby home, running all the way. An indignant delegation of Hungerfords waited on my aunt. Poor Aunt Eliza! She began to cry, while I simply stared. 'Oh, Undine! how *could* you act so?' she said, the Hungerfords all the time glaring at me solemnly. 'I wanted a little sister,' said I. 'But, my dear,' said Mrs. Hungerford,—she was a very large woman, Constance very tall and very stout, and she always grew red in the face when she became moral and instructive,—'my dear,' said she, 'God gives little brothers and sisters—' 'Then won't He please give me one,' I interrupted, not meaning to be rude, but only awfully in earnest. 'No, He won't,' screamed Malie; 'and you can't have any, *never!*' But I didn't look at her. '*Can't* I?' I said to Mrs. Hungerford. 'Why, no, my dear,' she said, 'you can't. But you may have dear little friends, who will love you very much.' Then I cried."

"Did you always want a sister?"

"Not so much when I saw more of sisters, but I have times of wanting her still."

"Undine," said I, "suppose you try *me;* I never had a sister either, and I love you."

"Do you?" she said, looking at me with her lovely, unfathomable eyes. "I am glad. You will make a nice sister."

At least, dear, though I did not say it to you, I shall make a faithful one.

August 6.—Louis again away, Constance a martyr to Bertulda. Hardly a day passes that she does not come into my room, clad in an untidy blue cashmere wrapper, fling

herself upon my lounge, and *confide*. The other day she told me how hard it was to earn her living as a companion (Mrs. Moore never denies her any thing), how sad and lonely she felt, and how much she longed for sympathy. She wept a few tears on a torn handkerchief, which she deluged with my cologne; then she took the cologne off with her to bathe her head. Of course, it has not returned. Farewell, a long farewell to all my sweetness, for she borrowed my other perfumery Thursday. Sometimes her feelings overcome her, and she cries on my handkerchiefs; that is why my stock is getting low. Grief always makes her hair come down, and she puts it up with my hair-pins. Whenever she needs a pin, she carefully selects a black pin from the cushion. There are chords — ! and black pins in a foreign country touch one of mine.

August 10. — Ted has taken Mrs. Guernsey to Baden for a few days.

August 15.—Yesterday we had a most disagreeable adventure. We were to drive to Neckar Steinoch, and take dinner at a quaint little inn lauded by Von Reibnitz. Mamma, the countess, and I were to go in a carriage; Von Reibnitz and Undine were to ride. It was a lovely plan, but Bertulda spoiled it all! At the last moment, she wheedled an invitation out of mamma's soft heart. "Poor motherless child!" said mamma. "And you know, Connie, there is a vacant seat in the carriage." So she came. She looked as handsome as a snake, in a blue Chambèry gauze, and a Paris hat trimmed with roses. We took dinner in the garden of the inn. The garden slopes down into the river, and from where we sat we could see trimly checkered hills and vineyards, and, peeping through the trees, a ruined tower, from which once a robber baron descended on peaceful travellers, but which now holds nothing more warlike than flocks of swallows. On the steepest of the hills, a few wretched houses were clustered about a slender church-spire, and a foot-path crawled up to them through stunted

vineyards. Von Reibnitz told us that a colony of *cretins* dwelt there. They support themselves chiefly by begging, and I should judge that the whole colony had turned out in our honor. Horrible-looking beings they were, — dwarfed, maimed, deformed in strange and hideous fashions, scarred with loathsome diseases, — living hints of the appalling possibilities of our race. One bolder than the others followed us to the carriage, and clung to the door. He was a repulsively ugly man, who limped, and had somehow lost two fingers of his left hand. Bertulda was nearest to him; she shuddered, and called out in her bad German, "*Gahen snell! ich haben nix!*" The creature only grinned, and clutched her arm. She wrenched it away, screaming to the coachman to strike the man with his whip. The coachman gave a half-reckless stroke behind him, and the *cretin* at that instant swaying forward with the motion of the carriage, the lash cut him full in his face. It was an ugly thing to see! Uglier, perhaps, though, to see his arms tossed up and his body curve backward as the sudden lurch of the carriage tumbled him into the road! The frightened horses broke into a gallop, while mamma shrieked, the countess, I fear, swore, and Bertulda gazed piteously — at her own arm! I looked back. The *cretin* was standing in the centre of the road, covered with dust. There was a wet, red line across his cheek; he wiped it with his ragged sleeve. Undine had thrown him a gold piece, but it glittered unnoticed at his feet. Not so much as glancing down, he looked from his stained sleeve to us, muttering to himself. Then a cloud of dust made a dingy ghost of him, and Undine and Von Reibnitz clattered up to the droschky. They were assailed by a little storm of questions. "Was the poor fellow hurt?" cried mamma. "Vat did he saying?" said the countess. "Did he pick up his money?" I asked.

"Oh, no, Mrs. Burt, he wasn't hurt badly," said Undine; "he was saying he would murder Miss Wilmott, madam. No, Connie, he didn't — what is the matter, Miss Wilmott?"

Bertulda was looking desperately frightened; her nerves were so shaken, in fact, that we had to stop and avert the hysterics with champagne. She had taken as much champagne as was good for her already, and the consequent spectacle was not edifying. I wish Ted had seen her.

August 16.—Yesterday Undine gave me an elegant dressing-case. I told her she gave me too many presents. She opened her eyes, "Are you not my sister?" she said. I am out of all patience with Ted. How can a man, fortunate enough to have won such an exquisite being as Undine, descend to Grace Wilmott's *beauté de diable?* Because he is a *man*, I suppose. Yesterday night they went to the cemetery, — "to hear the nightingales sing." Nice, cheerful place for a romantic stroll! As the countess says, "*Blague!*"

September 12. — Ted has a duel on his hands. Walk with Miss Wilmott — rude student — Grace frightened — student knocked down — challenge! The student says he knew Grace before,—had walked with her himself; Grace says it is a wicked lie. Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't. All this, with many unnecessary comments, was confided to me last night. It goes without saying that Undine is not to know.

September 13. — An awkward thing has just happened. Undine and I, going into the reading-room, came suddenly upon Grace Wilmott, sobbing on Ted Tresham's shoulder. "The devil!" said he. Upon my word, I don't blame him. Bertulda sank into a chair, and made a great fuss with her handkerchief. Undine, quite silent, stood in the doorway, looking from one to the other. She was dressed for dinner; the sunlight burnished the dull olive tints of her dress, there was a lace scarf flung about her shoulders, and the opals at her white throat flickered like flame. She had never looked more beautiful. I wonder if Ted didn't think so, too; anyhow, he stared at her with all his eyes. Before he could speak, she stepped between him and Grace. "Excuse me," she said, and there was not a quiver in her

sweet voice, "I did not know any one was here. Before I go, let me return something that belongs to Mr. Tresham." She slipped a ring from her finger, laid it on the table near Ted, and turning, passed out of the room. There didn't seem any thing for me to do save go; so, I went — in another direction.

As for my cousin Theodore Tresham, * * * He has just been to see me. I am happy so say he looked infinitely uncomfortable. He burst out at once; he knew he had been a cursed fool, but it wasn't as bad as I thought; he swore he didn't know Miss Wilmott was in the room when he came into it; she had heard of the duel, and she felt sorry, and so — and so — "By Jove, I don't know how it *did* happen!" groaned Ted.

I said I thought I *did*; that was a nice girl to lose Undine for!

"Leave her out, can't you?" he said, gloomily. "You women are always so infernally hard on each other."

"Is Undine hard on her?"

Ted stood up; he looked more of a man than I had ever seen him. "Constance," he said, "I love Undine. And she knows it. Whatever follies and idiotic fancies for other women I may have, I always come back to her. I *have* to! She knows that, too. Tell her I am ashamed of myself, and it is the last time she shall need to forgive me. Tell her I'll do any thing she wants, if she will only let me speak to her one single time."

Well, I promised; for who dares decide what will make a woman happy? Ted as a husband I should not fancy myself, but Undine may.

Later. — I went down stairs to Undine, and conscientiously began Ted's apologies. She stopped the first of them with, "Do you think, Connie, you can invent more excuses for Ted than I?"

She had been so composed, so free from any show of either anger or grief, that I had begun to hope (yes, to

hope, though Ted is my cousin) that she did not really care for him. In my disappointment, I said the silliest thing possible, — I told her she was far too good for him. She laughed, then she sighed; I had never heard her sigh before, and the soft little sound affected me strangely.

"I don't know about that," she said; "and besides, Constance, we don't love people because they are good, but because we can't help it."

Nothing appropriate occurring to me to say, I said nothing; but I felt, with rush of thankfulness so intense that it was pain, how much I respected Louis. Just at this point in the conversation, it was ordained that Mrs. Guernsey should come in and tell me most of the history of Heidelberg Castle. I have just escaped.

To-morrow the countess and her son are going to take mamma and me to Schwetzinger. The son is a mild-mannered young man, who is the best swordsman in Heidelberg. A wretched old German, with a villainous voice, promenades beneath my window, singing over and over again the first two lines of the Lorelei: —

> "Ich weiss nicht was solt es bedenten,
> Das ich so traurig bin!"

I am tired; I am out of spirits; I wish I could sleep a long, long time.

* * * * * * * * * *

HEIDELBERG, *September* 25, 1879. — How still the life stands in an old German town. I look from my window on the same shady streets, corps students, yellow-brown dogs sniffing at their masters' heels, English tourists in astonishing plaids and grays, American tourists in sombre black, honest *haus fraus* knitting in the shade, all the same. I might have left them yesterday, — and it is yesterday five years. Five years ago, I put this old journal in the pocket of my trunk, thinking then that I never

should write in it again. I did not take it out again until yesterday. The trunk was too large for ordinary use, and it stood unmolested in the garret. At first I shrank from seeing the book, and yet, at the same time, shrank from destroying it; after awhile, I believe I forgot about it; but when I took the old trunk out for this journey, I remembered, and yesterday I read the journal through. Every thing comes back so freshly here, where I knew Undine, and I am glad at last that it should come. Perhaps some day I shall be glad that I have told the end of the story which I began in so unconscious and light-hearted a fashion five years ago. I might, for example, give this journal to Theodore Tresham. I have been trying to renew the old time in every way I know. This morning I climbed up to the castle; I wandered through the bare rooms and ruined arches, and I stood for a moment beneath the gateway where Undine wished "to keep." Nothing there has changed: the waiters at the *restauration* seem to wear the self-same shabby dress-coats; the very coffee was cold — as it used to be.

One thing I have not done: I have not gone to Schwetzingen, although a very pleasant party went to-day, and urged us to accompany them. But I did not go; I do not think I shall ever see Schwetzingen again. Yet it was a pleasant enough day which we spent there five years ago. I forget what we did; I only remember now the look of Louis's face as he walked into the little dining-room of the Golden Stag, where we all were, and the sound of his voice, saying, "Con, you were always brave; there has been a bad accident to Miss Tresham, and she wants you." At least I was brave enough not to make any trouble. While they were putting the horses into the lightest carriage they could find, — Von Riebnitz's dog-cart, — for there was no railroad then from Schwetzingen, Louis told me all he knew; afterwards I heard the rest. It seems Undine and Mrs. Guernsey had gone up to the castle, and were out on the terrace, when

they heard wild screams, and almost instantly Grace Wilmott darted up to them, pursued by a horrible-looking man brandishing a dagger. Louis did not know then, but it was the *cretin* of Neckar Steinoch; for weeks he had been tracking Grace, with the strange cunning of his distorted wits, and he had found her alone among the ruins. The dagger belonged to the museum, and I suppose he stole it. Grace had fled the instant she saw him; she rushed to Undine, stumbled, and fell at her feet. The fall probably saved her, for the *cretin* had caught her dress and struck one furious blow; before he could strike again, Undine had flung her arms about him. Slender as they were, they clung like steel: though he shifted his dagger to his left hand and stabbed her, they never loosened their grasp. "Run!" she cried to the helpless, shrieking creature by her side; "run, I can't hold him long!" Bertulda, — well, she *was* Bertulda, — she saved herself. Mrs. Guernsey's screams brought a dozen people to the spot, Louis among them. He had returned unexpectedly from Frankfort, and still wore his travelling revolver; drawing it, he pushed it under Undine's arm, within an inch of the man's breast, and fired. The *cretin* rolled over on the stones, and was dead in five minutes. But his rusty dagger had done its work. They carried my poor girl to the hotel, and Louis went for me. It was Von Reibnitz who brought him the horse.

Our drive home is like a nightmare to me. When we reached the hotel, a man ran out of the shadow of the blue and white awnings and held out his hand to help me from the carriage. "Yes," he said, answering the question I had not courage to ask; "they think she may live until morning, but there is no — no hope!" Then I saw it was Ted, — for at first the sun had shone in his face, and I was half dazed; now I could see how white and haggard his gay, careless face was, with red circles about the eyes, as if he had been crying. "O Constance," he cried, wringing

my hand hard, "for God's sake, get me a chance to see her; Mrs. Guernsey is angry, and won't let me in!"

I suppose I must have promised; somehow I got away, and hurrying down the dark hall, almost ran into Grace Wilmott. Her eyes were red and swollen, — it was always such an easy thing for her to cry! She sobbed out an entreaty for me to stop.

"O Mrs. Lynde, is she really going to die? Indeed, it wasn't my fault! And every body blames me! Oh, please stop! Oh, what shall I do?"

I did stop. It was dark in the hall, but there was some light, and I hope she saw my face. I pointed over my shoulder. "Mr. Tresham is *there*," I said, and I left her; it was our last conversation. Mrs. Guernsey was waiting. She led me into the room. There was a table, covered with papers, drawn up to the bed, and beside it stood a tall man in black. Through the triangle made by his bent arm, I caught a glimpse of soft, brown hair; he moved, and I saw Undine's face. I went up to her, — what does it matter how I felt? I think it was then Mrs. Guernsey and the doctor went softly out of the room. Undine feebly put her hand on mine. "I knew you would come, Connie," she said; "my dear love, how hard you must have driven!"

I tried to speak, — to tell her it would hurt her to talk. She smiled and said, "Nothing will hurt me now. Connie, I wanted to speak to you alone, on business. I have left half my property to Ted; then I have left something to Aunt Eliza, — all she would take, you know she is rich; and I have left some fifty thousand in legacies to some poor people I have known; the rest I have given to you. You are my sister, Constance; you will take my money, wont you? It makes me happy to think of your having it."

"Oh, why did you save that girl?" I cried. "Oh, how can I bear it?"

Undine smiled again, — the curious smile which used to puzzle me. "Why?" she repeated. "I'm sure I don't

know, myself. Yet, I suppose I would do it over again, were it to do. It seems absurd, rather, doesn't it?"

I could not speak. "How still it is!" said Undine. "Is it really so still, or is it — Connie, do you mind going to the window to see?"

I went to the window. There was straw scattered over the street, and Von Reibnitz stood like a sentinel at the corner. When I told Undine, she sighed. "How good he is!" she murmured, "I wish —" She did not finish the sentence, but a moment later she asked me to thank Von Reibnitz, and to give him a chain she had worn, which he had once admired. "Some day, I hope," she said, "he will give it to some pretty German girl, who will love him as the countess says 'the best of sons' deserves." It was a little while after this, she asked me if I had seen Ted. I told her what he had said. "Did he think I could die without seeing him?" she said. "My poor boy! But, for all that, he will marry Grace Wilmott."

"He can never look at her again!" I cried. Heaven knows, I believed it at the time!

She leaned her head half wearily on my shoulder. "I believe I could have kept him had I lived," she said; "but a memory is so weak. Constance."

"Yes, dear."

"Do you believe spirits can see those they used to love?"

"Oh, God knows, my darling, I cannot tell you. You will be happy, however it is!"

"Do you think so?" she answered, dreamily. "I have always been a kind of pagan, and I don't — feel — quite — certain."

What could I say to her? I sat silent, with a heavy heart, while one by one the street lights sprang out of the darkness, and by their gleam I took my last look of my darling's face.

They were singing over among the hills the same little

love-song of Heine's, which I heard, for the first time, the day we visited the castle: —

"Du hast Diamanten und Perlen,
Hast Alles was Menchenbegehr,
Und hast die schönsten Augen —
Mein Liebchen, was willst du mehr?"

She turned those "loveliest eyes" wistfully up to mine. "*You* will always love me Con, wont you? Now call Ted. Kiss me first." Even as I kissed her, I felt her lips stir with a smile. "Connie, do you remember the day at the castle, when I wished? Well, the ring is a true fairy, for I wished Ted might love me as long as I lived, — and he will."

I laid her gently back on the pillows, but I could not see her face through my tears. I did not need to call Ted: he was watching at the door. I could hear him rush past me and fling himself on his knees before Undine, begging her, in a broken voice, to forgive him, — only to forgive him. "I never loved Grace; I never loved any one but you! You said I always came back — O my God! Constance! Constance, come here!"

Yes, he might kiss her hands and her hair, show his useless remorse in any frantic way he would, — it did not matter what he did any more, for Undine lay there with her last smile forever fixed on her beautiful mouth; as if dead she smiled at his pain, as living she smiled at her own.

All this is five years away. We left Undine in the pretty little cemetery where Ted and Grace Wilmott went to hear the nightingales sing. Last night I heard them singing by her grave.

Poor Von Reibnitz was killed in the Franco-Prussian war. He left me a little pet dog, which, as I am not fond of dogs, has been something of a trial to me.

The countess is on her Polish estates with her son. She writes me occasionally, and often alludes to her Heidelberg

experience. I have no doubt she makes a capital tragic tale of it: she was always a fine talker in every language but English.

Ted Tresham married Grace Wilmott within six months after his cousin's death. I hear queer stories of his wife's extravagance and flirtations, and I take a grim satisfaction in the hearing. Our own intercourse with Ted naturally ceased with his marriage, but business matters have made a few interviews necessary. He seems subdued and changed, and looks ten years older. He has never mentioned Undine's name.

As for me, Undine's legacy has prospered with us. I am more in love with my husband than ever. My dear mother is still with us. On the whole, I am a very happy woman,—but I have never made another friend.

OCTAVE THANET.

WOMEN AS ARCHITECTS.

As new avocations are being opened to women, and their inclinations and qualifications recognized to-day as they were not in the past, let us consider how much they are needed, and what they can do, as architects.

It is quite possible to live without the possession of pictures and statuary, but not without shelter; and it has been well said, that every man has, sometime in his life, a personal interest in architecture, for he has to buy, or build, or alter, his house. Once in generations is born one, in whom the graces of spirit can best develop in a hut, and alone, by Walden Water.

The masses, however, desire to build, not only high, but near together; and so it is, that what we shall eat and drink, and wherewithal shall we be clothed, is not the whole problem of life. It is also where and how shall we

be sheltered and warmed; how shall we dispose of the refuse in the kitchen, the dust of the house, the smoke from our fires. In all these things, women are even *more* deeply interested than men. Although they do not now build the house, they are the chief sufferers from its bad arrangement. They ought to know their needs, and be capable of influencing, for their own and others' welfare, the architecture of their homes. From the earliest times, in the caves which nature made, and in the first rude huts men built, women were present. It may be they were even *then* reminded that the cave or the hut was "their kingdom," and that in it they would find their truest development. Admitting this, it would appear that the sovereign should have the deciding voice in the construction of that house which was to be her kingdom. If architecture be classed under the usual divisions, military, civil, and domestic, only the two last named will be considered by women. Let the Amazons keep the glory they have won, for it must be that in the future all the influence of true womanhood will be given toward the transformation of swords into ploughshares, — given for peace, and never again for war. How much need there is of reform in our domestic architect, a glance at the houses of our land will show. It is true, in the first settlement of a country, people must often make a virtue of necessity. Whatever the disadvantages of the situation, the cabin rises beside the spring. Yet, even with the simple building of the first log-cabin, or house of rough boards, so much was left undone that *ought* to have been done; and with the same material and time, so much *might* have *been* done, that *was* not, had a woman's mind, with even a little professional training, been directed in this channel. But the primitive plans of our ancestors are followed no longer. Railroads, in our great country, have bound together East, West, North, and South; while busy mills are transforming pine and poplar into doors and window-frames, quite ready for hinges and glass; and for the

evils in domestic architecture we can no longer plead the excuses our great-grandfathers could well have offered. To-day, not alone in the houses of the poorer classes are these serious faults, but where wealth has furnished the means for unlimited gratification of taste and the desire for comfort, science has been ignored, or has *failed*, in the matter of heating, ventilation, and sewerage.

In view of the latter fault, very often the multiplication of conveniences is simply inviting death. Telephones are satisfactorily constructed, burglar-alarms set with most delicate precision; but unlooked-for comes the subtle poison of sewer-gas, stealthily pushing aside the most approved water-traps, and defying the most experienced plumbers. Col. George E. Waring, in his recent article upon Sanitary Drainage, says: "I have rarely been called to examine the drainage of a house considered perfect, without discovering serious sanitary defects; not merely such errors of arrangement as are universal, but an actual, palpable, *bad* condition." Prof. Fleming Jenkins says: "Sewer-gas is so poisonous that a very little introduced into a sleeping-room, *so* little as to be imperceptible to the person sleeping there, shall surely give him typhoid fever." The president of the Board of Health of New York City recently said, in an address: "I do not believe, at this time, that *one-half* the houses are fit to live in; and I mean the *better class* of buildings, for tenement-houses, as a rule, have not the conveniences which lead to these evils."

Yet the question of tenement-houses, and the errors arising from their defects, forces itself constantly in the very faces of those who would ignore it. The word *home*, in our cities, does not imply ownership. Where there *is* ownership and knowledge, the prevailing evils of architecture may be somewhat lessened; but who is to guard the interests of that multitude who have no voice, even if they had wisdom, in the construction of the houses they must inhabit? Since it has been proven that very many conta-

gious diseases are produced by living organisms found in sewer-gas, and since, in this matter, it is not sufficient to guard well one's own threshold, for the destroyer travels swiftly and far, selfishness, if nothing else, must compel the wealthy to reach out, in self-protection, and better the condition of the helpless poor. Turn away from the carelessness and ignorance in our midst, and swift and sure the penalty for the violation of sanitary law will follow: the contagion born in the tenement-house may not spare the owner, many blocks away. Last year, the death-rate of one of our largest cities, was nearly ten per cent of all the children in that city, and seventy per cent of all these deaths occurred in, or in connection with, tenement-houses. After an investigation of these buildings, truthfully one exclaims: "These are dens which nothing but a tornado can ventilate, and which only a second deluge can scour out."

It is not surprising that a protest has come from the thoughtful and philanthropic in our country, and that lately it has been said, — "Christianity must put itself into bricks and mortar, as well as into tracts and catechisms; it must found building-associations as well as Sunday-schools and churches;" and finally, — This must be a work, not only for practical men, but for women also. With his sensitive spirit saddened by the misery of the lower classes, Ruskin looked less at the changes in sky and ocean, and planned houses for the London poor. The artist, turned scientist, discovered, that "there is more poison in an ill-kept drain, in a pool of dish-water at the cottage door, than in the deadliest asp of the Nile; that every back-yard holds its coiled serpent." He found, too, that women and little children were the greatest sufferers from these faults of domestic architecture, and in despair exclaims: "The ant and the moth have cells for *each* of *their* young, but *our* little ones lie in festering heaps, in homes that consume them like graves." Then he appeals to women to come to the rescue, with their peculiar adaptability for helpful work.

"You have," he says, "if you would use it, power purer than the air of heaven, stronger than the seas of earth." If this be true, how are we to exercise this power for good, except by first protesting against the evils from which we suffer, and next trying to aid in devising wise methods of reform.

It is true, there is a deep and widespread interest in this subject, and people are realizing their danger from imperfect sewerage and bad ventilation; but it is an interest aroused too late to save countless lives. The badly constructed buildings will still be used, the evils they induce be multiplied instead of decreased, until a tender conscience comes to aid in the planning of both our civil and domestic buildings. It is quite safe to say, that scarcely one of our public buildings is properly ventilated. Yet there are many methods of introducing fresh air into rooms, which, although imperfect, are vastly better than nothing. In winter, one cannot enter the majority of our public-school buildings without a sickening sense of the wrong done the children by inviting those evils engendered by bad air; while many of us know that to attend concert or opera is to run the risk of great inconvenience, perhaps illness, occasioned by the lack of ventilation. We pay the price, not only in silver and gold, but in headache, neuralgia, and the inevitable *cold* which lays the foundation for more serious ills, that cling and torture to the close of life.

In one of the school-buildings of a Western State, an approved method of ventilation was tried with great success. Teachers testified in its favor; the children were well and bright, offering in this regard a marked contrast to the other buildings. But in order to secure the successful working of this method, more fuel was consumed than before, and the men in authority objected to its introduction. Never did mothers of delicate children, and women with the general good at heart, more earnestly desire a voice than in this matter. And were women in power,—

either upon school-boards or as the architects of school-buildings, — a slight increase in the cost of fuel would not weigh against the health and life of the children. Women have already sounded the depths of physical suffering, — tested the powers of patient endurance. They may be trusted, in civil and domestic architecture, to guard well the interests of all concerned, as soon as knowledge has shown them the way.

Another very serious fault in the construction of many of our school-buildings, is the bad arrangement of the windows, causing the young eyes of the occupants to be sadly injured. Said a conscientious teacher to me: "I *feel* that the children are being made near-sighted by the score, and some may have their sight permanently impaired, by this conflicting light." An examination of this subject will confirm every word of her statement. As to the positions of windows and doors in private houses, they often interfere so seriously with the legitimate places of the furniture that one is sure no thought of housekeeping ever came into the mind of the architect.

There is also, in building, criminal carelessness in regard to fire. It would be curious to know how many of the conflagrations which sweep through our cities and towns, are caused by defective flues. The lives of the inmates of public buildings and charitable institutions, are often imperilled by neglect of the first principles of architecture. History records the fact that a fierce, sudden fire, occurring in one of our State prisons, was caused by neglect of the architect of the building. Between the great central chimney — which was never cold — and the adjacent wood-work, there was but the space of *one brick!* It was only a wonder that fire had not sooner occurred. An acquaintance of the writer, having a house built, went one day to see how the work was progressing, and she found, where the chimney passed through the second story, a joist exposed, and extending directly into the flue. The masons had built around

it, and were calmly going forward with their work, leaving this mark of inexcusable carelessness, soon to be past remedy, hidden from sight as the work went higher. This woman was "*strong-minded*" enough to stand at her post until the bricks were taken away, and the carpenters had removed this tempter of the fire-fiend; but she judged it safer, after that, to give to her building, personal superintendence, and could not but shudder at the thought of the damage a *first* fire built in that new chimney might have wrought. Shall we need more warnings like those from Portland, Chicago, and Boston, to convince us that in carefully considered plans, and conscientious buildings, lies, in great measure, our safety from fire.

In dwelling-houses, the comfort of the inmates is often sacrificed without the least recompense, for we gain nothing in the beauty of the building. That our houses should be both homely and inconvenient, is unbearable. Very near the writer's home has recently arisen an example of the modern mistakes in domestic architecture. It cost between five and six thousand dollars. It has eleven rooms, — three parlors of good size; but the dining-room in this large house is only twelve by twelve and one-half feet, making the presence of sideboard, or generous table, utterly impossible. The front-door cannot be opened without imminent danger of crushing hand and fingers against the newel-post of the stairway; while this same stairway, and the hall above, are so constructed that furniture, or even a modest "Saratoga," cannot be put into the rooms above without the greatest damage on all sides. In addition, the chimneys rise through the valleys in the roof, which has caused leakage that can scarcely be remedied. The architect of this house was *not* a woman, but a man, who has all the work that he can do. He is considered one of the best architects in the country; and for the above plan, with such superintendence as is usual, and the achievement of a roof that will always leak, he was paid $350. Had the charges been *greater*, more

time given to the building, matters might have been *still worse*.

Upon the farms, the comfort of woman needs to be considered by women as architects. Very often, the site of the home is chosen without the least reference to the comfort or enjoyment of those who must pass most of their time within its walls. Houses stand, bare and blistering, in the sun of summer, or are shaken to the foundations by winter winds, which the sheltering arms of trees might at least modify. A man who has cleared his farm is a sworn enemy to trees. He will cut down every thing within half a mile, and, planting two funereal firs each side the door, consider his duty to family and State well done. There was once heard a mother and her daughters pleading for the life of a tree, as for that of a cherished friend. It was a royal oak. They saw in it not only shelter and comfort for the cattle and birds, but beauty for the whole landscape; while the farmer, shouldering his axe, saw *only* that it shaded so many feet of his corn-ground.

In small cities, in villages, and especially upon farms, there is the greatest waste of time and strength, from storing the fuel at such distance from the place where it must be consumed. The sink where dishes are washed is, on an average, fourteen feet from the china-closet. The table where pastry is made is perhaps fifteen feet from the stove. An estimate lately made of an ordinary kitchen, gave the distance walked, in the washing and replacing of dishes alone, as seventy-five miles per year. Add to this the journeys for fuel, and we realize that it was all unnecessary for Bertha von Hillern to fatigue herself, last spring, in Tremont Temple. The kitchens all over this land are full of daily proof of woman's *ability* to *walk*. It is useless to consider the merits of exercise in this matter; for the miles in the kitchen are walked, not for pleasure, not when, in enjoyment of earth and sky, the spirit can rise superior to the weakness of the flesh, but walked in stifling

steam and debilitating heat, satiated with odors that are appetizing only at a distance. It is not improbable that a study of the architecture of their kitchens might help to solve the problem of the large percentage of insanity among the wives of farmers. The great relief experienced by the introduction of gas and kerosene stoves, is not alone in the diminished heat: it is due to the fact, that, while at work, one can stand or sit beside the table where the cooking is done.

As a rule, our kitchens are built by men, who cannot understand their requirements. They would gladly arrange them better, if they knew how. It has been in large measure our fault, in the past; and will be more seriously so in future, if we do not take this matter in hand, study our needs, be able to state them intelligently, and insist upon the needed improvements in domestic architecture.

Not long ago, among the hills which border the Ohio River, was built an attempted aid to dairy-work, in the shape of a spring-house. It was constructed of stone, with floor solidly cemented; the whole building so strong that in endurance it will rival Egypt's wonders. This house was nearly thirty feet long, but so low that an ordinary woman could not stand erect within it; while the door was so arranged that one must bow down in coming and going. Imagine the effect of years of toil within this house, which, with much less than the amount of time and material used, might have been, if not a "thing of beauty," at least a "joy forever" to its possessor. It is not alone the disastrous effect upon the spinal column: it is the bending of the eternal spirit. What could be the beauty of the blue mist upon the Kentucky hills beyond, or the bright river winding near, to this woman, — too weary, with unnatural stooping, to lift her eyes? When asked why she did not interfere, and "have the house made right," the mournful answer came, "I was too thankful to get *this* much, as it is." But until we protest, we shall not have what we need.

Her answer awakens, with pity, also condemnation. However well-meaning her husband was, he was "out of his sphere" as an architect, and must have been distantly related to the troglodytes.

A writer upon domestic architecture, giving instructions, says: "Among the strongest impulses of a woman's nature is a passion for closets, shelves, and pegs;" but a glance at our houses will convince the most skeptical that this passion has not been gratified to any alarming extent. As with intemperance, and kindred evils, it seems impossible for women to work a reform without a voice in the laws controlling those evils. So, in order to secure our "closets, shelves, and pegs," a few women must master the science of architecture; and all should be sufficiently well-informed to protect themselves against careless and ignorant workmen.

The evils of domestic architecture are not local and exceptional, but universal. As women survey this field, they have no need to weep, with the great Alexander, for there are yet conquests to be made in this direction. It was the wise Euripides who said, "Men need not try, where women fail;" but in domestic architecture, men have *failed*, and women *have not tried*.

In regard to woman's qualifications for this profession: It is true that to become a worthy architect will require knowledge which perhaps no woman now fully possesses. Indispensable will be the science of mathematics; but our school and college records bear testimony to her capability in this direction. The frequent question, "To what use can young ladies apply their knowledge of geometry?" might be, in this work, answered. There must also be a thorough acquaintance with wood, — its variable strength and adaptability; but this is a further following of botany, in which many women have excelled. It is not impossible to gain an understanding of metals, their manufacture, and use; while a sense of true proportion, that indispensable

requisite in an artist, might better be termed a natural gift than an acquisition. And in natural endowments, it has been noticed that the Creator has not taken the matter of sex into consideration. Practical wisdom our architect must have; with the laws of gravity and of mechanics she must be acquainted; but that she is not physically as strong as man, cannot with fearlessness walk over scaffolding, and examine the "ridge-piece" in the roofs of new buildings, as some one declared she must, is not an obstacle insurmountable. This is not only a day when mind is expected to conquer matter, brains to discount muscles, but it is also the day in which we perceive the whole tendency of civilization is toward a division of labor. Henceforth in specialties are people to become distinguished. While the knowledge of an architect must be general, — much more so than that required in many other professions, — her hands will not be expected to execute all her brain suggests and her plans involve. It is because women are so different from men, that their influence in architecture will be of value. A famous writer asserts, that without "imagination and feeling, there cannot be a true architect." Women have been so often told that they possess a superfluity of these traits, it may be that in their new profession they can successfully dispose of both. The internal arrangement of our houses, and their bare, unlovely exteriors, certainly demand both feeling and imagination.

Between the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture there can be no divorcement. Together they must live and grow. In the decoration necessarily connected with building, women must ever find a wide and congenial field. I believe they will incorporate, in a new and better sense, the power of beauty in ornamentation, and particularly in color. We who have watched the little pink hands of our children reaching first for the red, among the bright balls of the kindergarten's first gift, believe in the significance of color. We know that this first love for red has a meaning, and are

touched to remember that the priceless statues of Jupiter were, at festivals, freshly stained with the sacred vermillion, ages upon ages ago, when the race was striving, even as it is to-day, toward an expression of dutiful love for the Divine. In the organization of women may exist the quickness to discern, the patience to apply, new methods of ornamenting our architecture, which shall help us spiritually as well as materially. Women have already achieved enough to allow us to believe that, if they so will, the gates to this new field will be opened.

Higher than St. Peter's, and the great Pyramid, rises the tower of Strasburg Cathedral; and it was completed by a woman. When the hands of the architect, Evroni of Steinbeck, were folded in death, and the son unable to finish the father's work, his daughter, Sabina, was equal to the task, and has written her name, by her work, so high that all the world may see.

In the fourteenth century, Properzia Di Rossi became famous as a sculptor, and as a painter also, in Bologna, where the cathedral of San Petronio was enriched by her work. She was wonderfully gifted in many ways, and her fame was established; but her spirit was so wounded by the attacks of contemporary artists, who were men, — but in *this*, most unmanly, — that she ceased to execute the orders she received. These attacks, so bitter and malignant, were made principally by one whose work was so far inferior to her own, he was moved by jealousy alone. The sorrow of Jacob for the lost Rachel inspired one of the first monuments ever erected in commemoration of the dead; but the grief of Artemisia made the mausoleum at Halicarnassus one of the world's seven wonders.

Our own times are not wholly devoid of practical work. When Mrs. Trollope, the mother of the novelist, came, nearly forty years ago, from England to the New World, and made her home in Cincinnati, Ohio, she was not only the owner, but also the architect, of the famous Bazaar Build-

ing, on Third Street. By her plans, as I understand it, she intended to make a place where articles made by women could be sold by them; and she also wished to provide, in philanthropic spirit, for the social enjoyment and intellectual improvement of women. These were the hopes which led her to become an architect. A letter recently received from one who knew her, and saw the building, and who now, at the age of eighty-three years, remembers with admiration the grand winding stairway, the hall for social gatherings, and the circular room built for a picture-gallery, makes one realize that it must have been, to the citizens of Cincinnati, a marvel in its way. The object Mrs. Trollope had in view was not achieved, and she lost, beside, $40,000 by the experiment; and this sum *meant more*, fifty years ago, than it does to-day. In addition to disappointment and financial loss, Mrs. Trollope bore the burden of unjust suspicions, and was accused of motives most unworthy. Is the first treading of a new pathway ever unattended by shadows? The Bazaar Building was long ago transformed into a hotel; and the first objects and the name of its designer, by the multitude forgotten. But the good that women do "lives after them." An article published so recently as July of this year, calls attention to this first effort in architecture and philanthropy by a woman. And an English author, in 1835, gave to Madame Trollope the entire credit of first directing the thoughts of the citizens of Cincinnati toward art, by giving them this building, with its "grand windows, its stucco front, and its suggestions from Venice."

Whatever gave the first impulse, Cincinnati has now a school of design, itself the outgrowth of a woman's thought. Twenty-five years ago, Mrs. Peters, mother of Rufus King, began a work which, by the aid of other women, resulted at last in the establishment of this school. In the department of wood-carving, added in 1866, many women are rapidly fitting themselves for a work intimately

connected with architecture. The Cincinnati school has given the impulse toward the establishment of others; and in all these schools are women pleasantly and profitably engaged. While the sisters in the convents of Notre Dame, in Indiana, and the Ursuline, in Ohio, are displaying their devotion to their church by carving the ecclesiastical furniture needed there, the Garrett sisters, Rhoda and Agnes, are doing wonders, across the water, with the faults in architecture as well as in decorative art. In many places, women are ornamenting the tiles to be used in the construction of their houses. In the future, children will sit by the fireside where hearth and chimney-piece shall bear witness to the taste and skill of their great-grandmothers. This will be infinitely better than the possession of the traditional samplar, which is only prized because of the love borne the vanished fingers which wrought out its stiff and meaningless designs.

Like other arts, this profession will be lucrative in proportion to the skill and fame of the artist. The usual price for service is five per cent of the cost of the building. In a handsome court-house newly built in the West, this gave the architect something like $70,000. With the habits of most women, four or five fees like this, would suffice for a natural life. There is in this profession a very wide field for charity. In the grade of building where advice is most needed, it is not sought, because the price appears too great to be paid by those who have painfully earned the few hundreds they have to expend. If free plans could be offered, or the advice of an architect secured for a small fee, the condition of those struggling to possess a home would be infinitely improved. A woman has given advice by which a nutritious dinner for a small family can be had for fifteen cents. It may be to a woman we shall have to look for good and cheap plans for the houses of those who cannot otherwise receive the benefits of professional skill. Our daily papers are full of startling items in regard to

unsafe and crumbling walls, and of the ravages of diptheria and scarlet fever from bad drainage and imperfect ventilation. It is with the hope that these evils will be faithfully considered, and persistently fought, that we shall turn to women as architects.

Many will not seek this field. Few can become famous. There was but *one* Michael Angelo; but there is need of woman's quick eye and keen conscience in the building of to-day. In the threatened destruction of health and life that hangs above us, as did the cloud over Sodom, even *ten* righteous architects, if they were women, might save us.

What will be the future characteristics of American architecture, we cannot now see; but that it will be representative of the nation for which it exists, we may hope and believe. Indeed, all architecture must be significant. It was because the priests held the power, and clung to that style, that the Romanesque kept reappearing in the twelfth century. Only in an atmosphere of freedom can the best results be expected. Whenever, either by ecclesiastical rule or royal command, art has been fettered, it has also been marred. But the very form of our government denies to America a class trained to servitude; and so, at the very foundations of our domestic architecture, must this service be supplanted, as far as may be, by mechanical conveniences, and the most careful arrangement for the saving of strength and time. In our land, not only are men called from the humblest paths of life to accept the chief places in the nation, but women are daily, hourly summoned from the necessary supervision of their kitchens, to display, as best they can, the graces of the drawing-room; and it becomes thus absolutely necessary that domestic architecture *receive* the consideration of women.

In America, we shall perhaps first consider utility and comfort; and as we grow older, grace and beauty. In the matter of decoration, I believe women would look about them, and from our own material select the models from

which to carve and paint. What the Egyptians did for the *lotus*, the Greeks for the *acanthus*, we should do for the flowers at our feet and the leaves in our royal forests. Then our architecture would truly belong to the soil where it stands. While we have little, as yet, to point to in the way of achievement, and although we generally deserve all the criticism in art matters which we receive, it would be very unfair to expect much of a country so young as this; where, in many parts of it, scarcely fifty years have gone by since the light struggled through the thickest forest, the Indian glided along the trail, and wolves snarled at the cabin doors.

In its childhood, with animal instincts in the ascendant, the race even then gave evidence of a spiritual nature which must be fed: men came out of their caves to fashion rude stones into altars; and as time went by, the cathedrals were considered before the homes of men. Wonderful has been the growth of architecture, which some one has called a "literature in stone." From the rudest, it reached the greatest; from Stonehenge, grew into Cologne Cathedral.

It is not likely that in America we shall ever have any thing like the marvels of the past; — nothing like St. Mark's, in Venice, "where the crests of the arches break into marble foam;" nothing like the Campanile, in Florence, "like a ray of light sent down from heaven;" nothing, even, like the churches purely Gothic, which are *not* gloomy when you understand and come into the spirit of that style, although of their architects it has been said, "They had in them the wonder and sorrow concerning life and death, which are the inheritance of the Gothic soul from the days of its first sea-kings." Although these beautiful creations be denied us, we shall, to behold them, be quite content to cross the water, if we may return to find the common people of America in comfortable homes, all their own.

The study of the science of building will be for woman

no easy task, but all that she has done in other directions gives promise that in this she will not fail. There is, I learn, one woman now studying architecture in the Boston School of Technology. In the Scandinavian myth, we read that "one swallow does not make a summer;" but it is an evidence that spring has come. As the summer of our civilization advances, we may scan the sky for a sight of those who will follow this *one*, here to give promise of the things that are to be. The principles upon which the Parthenon was constructed, and to which its marvellous beauty of proportion is due, have never been by modern architects clearly understood. It would be fitting if this secret of the temple of Athena should be revealed to a woman. If, by lack of accurate training and discipline, they could at first compete but indifferently with men, who have generations of professional experience behind them, women would from the first bring into civil and domestic architecture two things, not more characteristic than they are valuable, — love for and devotion to the work chosen, and untiring patience in its execution.

Three first arts there were, — agriculture, weaving, and architecture. The first was assigned to man; but he has not, in this field, always worked alone. The second was considered as belonging to woman; and well has she done her part, — long before and long after the Hebrew record tells us that "all her household are clothed with scarlet, and she maketh fine linen, and delivereth girdles unto the merchants." But in the third art, in architecture, why should not men and women plan and work together for the houses in which they are mutually interested? — not that either can do all, or do it best, but that each may be gifted in a special way. It was once beautifully said of Europe, "The tide of art flowed northward, by the Rhine." In our land, it will flow westward, over mighty forest and swelling prairie. May it be a tide that shall have no ebb; and in the art of America may we receive the good

that art was meant to give, — the strengthening of our spirits while we walk in the flesh; giving, by this outward manifestation of an inward longing, evidence of that which is eternal.

And our future architecture, may it be a true Renaissance, — a re-birth of all that is valuable in the architecture of the past, — while, in the true spirit of what our country was meant to be, it shall give evidence of the thought and work of women.

MARTHA N. MCKAY.

THE SPELLING REFORM.

Before we undertake the discussion of a proposition, or of a matter, we ought to understand its import and limitations. David Crockett's suggestion as to what our duty should be before we "go ahead," ought not to be lost sight of entirely. The movement among some men of letters, which this paper is designed to notice, is called by its advocates the "spelling reform." Our first duty is to ascertain what these two words mean. Until we do so, we cannot say whether we favor the movement or not.

"Spelling," I take it, in its popular sense, — and that sense is sufficient for this inquiry, — is the art, or act, of arranging the proper letters into words, in due and proper order of sequence. As to the true sense of "reform," there may be need of inquiry, and possibly some difference of opinion. The Latin lexicon gives "re" the sense of *back*, *again*, *in return*, *contrary*, *against*, and "formo" the sense *to give shape to* any thing, *to form*, *fashion*, *arrange*. It is probable that the word "reform" was taken bodily from the Latin "reformo," *to give another shape to*, *remodel*, *transform*, and took with it its Latin significance. In strictness, the word is entitled to another significance in the English tongue, — that of bringing a thing back to its

earlier form or shape; and, also, when that earlier form or shape is a better one, then, to make better is understood to be its occasional sense; and this is growing to be its only sense in the popular speech.

In just which sense the advocates of "spelling reform" use the word, we are not definitely or distinctly told. It would greatly aid to a simplification of the pending discussion, if some authoritative announcement could be made touching this matter. Whether they intend, in the use of the term, to remodel and reform our spelling, and give to words new forms simply, or whether they design to bring the spelling of words back to their proper form, can be determined by inference only. To get this inference requires an examination of what its advocates write and publish.

At the "School Commissioners and Superintendents' Convention," at Ithaca, New York, February 18, 1879, Prof. Edward North, of Hamilton College, read a lecture on the "English Language," the burden of which was a plea for "reform in spelling." His idea, if I seize it correctly, is, not to reform, but to simplify the spelling of the language. The fact is instanced that, in America, the *u* has been dropped from such words as *honour*, *favour*, *humour*, etc., and the *k* from *musick*, *publick*, and the like. We are also told by the professor, that "F. W. Newman, an English writer of great learning and good sense, advocates the dropping of silent *b* in *lamb*, *tomb*, and *womb*, and the dropping of silent *a* in about seventy such words as *deaf*, *dearly*, *early*, and *dreamt*;" and this advocacy of "reform" seems to meet the warm approval of Prof. North. The professor, in the same lecture, expresses his desire to transmute *ph* into simple *f*, and to make *knowledge* rhyme with *college*, to the eye as well as to the ear; and he would write *drest*, *prest*, *confest*, instead of *dressed*, *pressed*, *confessed*. *Cough* and *rough* he would spell with three letters each, namely, *cof* and *ruf*, while *hicup* should supplant *hiccough* in its present popular esteem.

At the last meeting of the American Philological Association, Prof. F. A. March read an address on the subject of "English Orthography." He illustrated his views as to the spelling of words by having his address printed in the "reformed" notation. In a note at the head of his address, he tells us that "silent leters which are utterly useles are droped in speling this address, to save space, and sho what a great degree of simplification mite be adopted at any time." Beyond the plan disclosed in the head-note, Prof. March does not define his views, except by the general term, "spelling reform."

In *Scribner's Monthly* for September, current year, Prof. T. R. Lounsbury began a series of articles on "English Spelling and Spelling Reform," and has continued the series in the October number. These are the only two of the series which have reached the public at this writing. By his own confession, Prof. Lounsbury, in those articles, has attempted simply "to show the existence and nature of a disease, not to discuss methods of cure."

At the July meeting of the American Philological Association, at Newport, sanction was given to a report of the Committee on Spelling, appointed three years before. This committee reported that they had adopted certain words for immediate use, making these the bases of future aggressive action. The words adopted with which to begin the reformation are, *ar*, *catalog*, *definit*, *gard*, *giv*, *liv*, *hav*, *infinit*, *tho*, *thru*, and *wisht*. The committee also recommended the following rules for simplifying the spelling of seven classes of words: —

1. Omit *a* from the digraf *ea*, when pronounced as *e*-short, as in *hed*, *helth*, etc. 2. Omit silent *e* after a short vowel, as in *hav*, *giv*, etc. 3. Write *f* for *ph* in such words as *alfabet*, *fantom*, etc. 4. When a word ends with a double letter, omit the last, as in *shal*, *clif*, *eg*, etc. 5. Change *ed* final to *t*, where it has the sound of *t*, as in *lasht*, *imprest*. 6. In words ending in *ance* and *ence*, where the vowel is

short, drop the final *e*, as in *advanc*, *defenc*. 7. Drop *w* from *ow* where it is silent, as in *row*, *mow*, *know*, — spelling them *ro*, *mo*, *kno*, etc.

This simple recommendation doesn't require much space for the printing, but its practical adoption would make a noticeable and serious change in the pictures the written or printed words would present to the eye.

An anonymous writer in one of the Chicago daily journals, not long ago, while advocating this reform, gravely told us that in such words as *addition*, *command*, *effort*, *oppose*, and *spelling*, we pronounce but one of the double consonants, — that we pronounce the words as though they are written *ad-ition*, *com-and*, *ef-ort*, *op-ose*, and *spel-ing*. Believing the statement himself, he insists that this class of words shall be entered as victims of the orthographic reform. Prof. March joins in the statement and insistance with his name and weight of authority, as he also adds his name and authority to those of Prof. North and the American Philological Association, to the effect that the *ed* in *pressed*, *wished*, *lashed*, etc., receive the sound of *t*. These authorities also agree in desiring the spelling to correspond to their pronunciation.

I may digress a little, just at this point, I hope, in order to suggest that when the combined wisdom of the American Philological Association, with the concurrence of two well-known college professors, informs us that *t* is the terminal sound in *pressed*, *wished*, and *lashed*, we ought to hesitate long before we question it, and much longer, certainly, before we assert the contrary. Most of us have, more or less, often had the pleasure of listening to good speakers, — acknowledged authorities, — who are at the same time, scholars. When we closely watch educated speakers, who make some attempt to use the "king's English" with correctness, we find, I think, that the above eminent authorities are not sustained, — they give the *d* sound to the terminal letter in the words quoted, and pronounce dis-

tinctly the double consonants in the words to which I have called attention.

There have been many others who, in the public prints, have added their voices to those named in favor of the "reform;" but I have aimed to name, and refer to, those only who seem to be at the front, and to give form and direction to the movement.

Thus, so far as I have noticed the arguments, and have been able to catch their drift, the significance attached to the word "reform," in this discussion, by its advocates, is the first one named, namely, that of putting into new form or shape. I think no misstatement of their position is made when we say that the real object — "the be all and the end all" — of this movement is to conform the spelling of words to their popular or general pronunciation.

In the early portion of Prof. Lounsbury's first article, referred to above, after he has adverted to the gibes and jeers, taunts and sneers, with which the "reformers" were met in early days, when they urged their peculiar views, it is announced that, "if the question is to be argued at all, it must *now* be argued on its merits." This was a fair challenge. It was noticed by the reader of Prof. North's lecture that opposition to his views were styled "pedantic and selfish," in connection with the statement that "the success of the undertaking will injure the value of large investments in dictionaries, spelling-books, and school manuals."

Prof. March quoted Prof. Whitney as saying that "historic spelling" — the present method — "has no support, save in our customs and prejudices." The fair proposition of Prof. Lounsbury, to discuss the matter of spelling in fairness, on its merits, won our sympathy. Not long after, the professor makes the fair announcement: he asserts that "the favorers of the change, whether unreasonable in their expectations or not, know precisely what they are talking about; and this is a charge that can rarely

be brought against their opponents." A few paragraphs further on, he refers again to "the defenders of the present orthography, most of whom," he says, "are, in fact, so full of zeal that no room is left for knowledge." Again, "stupid objections must be constantly met, and their stupidity exposed." We are again assured that it is "indifference, ignorance, and prejudice," on the part of the defenders of the *statu quo*, "that this discussion is to overcome." All this, and more, in the first article. And the second is like unto the first, closing with a scholarly fling at arguments opposed to his reformatory movement as "stupid prejudices and stupid fancies, which their owners have dignified with the name of ideas." I am unable adequately to make proper comment upon the attempt of the professor to discusss a question of scholarship "upon its merits," and I leave it without a word.

In his address, to which I have already alluded, Prof. North says: "Endless quarrels are engendered by unphonetic spelling. Ought we to say *neether* or *nither?* That is one of the questions of the century. *Height* and *sleight* vote for *ni-ther; conceit* and *receipt* give their voice for *nee-ther*. Each has its determined advocates. Both are armed to the teeth with authorities and reasons. There will be no yielding until the spelling reform interferes and separates the contesting parties, who now stand face to face, like a pair of bucks in the forest with horns interlocked." But just how "spelling reform" is to interfere, we are not told. When the millennium of phonetic spelling shall come, this "one of the questions of the century" will be called for final judgment. Before whom? Who are to be the electors of the "general court?" Will they not be the citzens of the republic of letters? Will the court thus and then constituted be different from the authoritative umpire, general usage, to whose decision the American people now bow? Isn't this general court and its electors now divided and undecided upon the orthoëpy of *neither?*

The parties upon each side show no signs of yielding; they dispute with vigor; they will not submit to any umpire. How is it proposed to compel the friends of *nee-ther* to change their pronunciation, and at the same time adopt another orthography? Or how is it proposed to induce the champions of *ni-ther* to relinquish their pronunciation and spelling at one and the same time? Both parties, as Prof. North assures us, now refuse to arbitrate one question of dispute; and both parties are to be made happy and gratified by being asked to submit to arbitration, two questions, — the one they now refuse to submit, and another one. This, certainly, is a novel illustration of the injunction "to turn the other cheek also."

Prof. North inquires "why we persist in disrhyming *bound* and *wound?*" The inquiry, why does a vessel and its contents weigh no more with a fish inside than before the fish is added, provoked — so report says — grave cogitation and speculation on the part of the learned society to whom it was propounded, until Benjamin Franklin, as it is said, incidentally inquired if the query was based on fact, — if the addition of the fish actually did add nothing to the weight of the whole. Prof. North's inquiry might be met in the same way. *Do* we disrhyme *bound* and *wound?* A learned professor should not be altogether ignorant of the fact that a very large, and to some extent, at least, respectable, class of Americans do not disrhyme them. The two giant dictionaries authorize us to rhyme or disrhyme them at our pleasure. And I trust that the professor will excuse the digression if I suggest that, inasmuch as the *ou* in each is *u* in the Anglo-Saxon, from which the two words were taken, there is authority, and reason, and eminent good-sense, in not disrhyming them. Still, we have to admit that there is a large class of respectable people who do persist in disrhyming *sound* and *wound*. Can this state of facts be made better by putting one or both of the words through the "spelling reform" machine? Their spelling is

certainly unanimous, and if the pronunciation is not so, I think the reformers may get a hint of the difficulties in store for them. There is no method by which they can enforce unanimity of pronunciation. The words in the language which refuse to be unanimous in pronunciation are almost numberless, for multitude. Those who pronounce *again*, just as it is written, is one class; those who say *agen* is another class, and the class which say *agin* is respectable for its numbers, at least. In *patriot* and *patent* the English-speaking people cannot agree as to the length of the vowel in the first syllable, and whether the first *t* belongs to the first or second syllable. *Slough* has two distinct pronunciations, — one in the East, and one in the West. *Extraordinary* is given six syllables by some people, and five by others. Is it *pa-tron* or *pat-ron?* Shall we use the sound of *i* or *e* in the central syllable of *accident* or *incident?* In this short list, as every scholar knows, I have not exhausted the supply of words of diverse pronunciation. I have only begun it.

I do not disguise the desirableness, in some direction of the view, of securing uniformity of pronunciation. But this uniformity cannot be secured by any orthographic modification of words unless all consent to it. This want of uniformity is not occasioned, I believe, from any incorrect method of spelling. It results in the same way that nearly all our habits and customs are formed and continued, and can be changed or corrected only in the same way that all our other habits and customs can be reformed and corrected.

Prof. North also says, and his statement seems to meet the concurrence of his *confreres*, that "in our public schools the pupils spend more than half, probably two-thirds, of their time in efforts to master the spelling, writing, speaking, and history of a language which most of them are supposed to imbibe with their mother's milk, after a fashion. The time spent in trying to master the spelling of this vernacular is more than doubled by its conspicuous irregulari-

ties and inconsistencies." Prof. March confesses to a "tenderness for our children," and Prof. Lounsbury preaches from the same text. I have no disposition to question the assertion, so often made and brought home to most of us with such painful consciousness, that a great deal of time is necessary in order to a complete and successful mastery of the art of spelling the English language. But can any one show that an abbreviation of this time would be beneficial to the child or to the race, as a whole. Education does not consist in the accumulation of a mass of facts, merely. The digestion and assimilation of the facts acquired is essential, in a measure. Various expedients are resorted to by teachers to strengthen the mind and enlarge the mental capacity, in order to the proper digestion and assimilation of the facts acquired. For this purpose, *inter alia*, complex and otherwise useless rules of grammar and arithmetic are framed, and in these rules the pupils are drilled, term after term. Books on logic and rhetoric are written for no other conceivable purpose than to discipline, strengthen, and enlarge the capacity of the mind, and prepare it to perform, economically, thoroughly, and perfectly, its proper functions in life. To properly perfect the pupil in the irregularities of English orthography requires time, labor, and money on the part of the teacher and the public, as well as time, labor, and patience on the part of the children. But, how much of this time is thrown away? Do not our children now complete the established and regular course of study, whether in the common school, the academy, college, or university, at as early an age as their minds are sufficiently strong and mature? If the time now devoted to the mastery of orthography should be saved to them by the incoming of the contemplated "reform," they would lose the discipline they now acquire in that study. I know it is objected by one of the "favorers of the change," that the discipline the pupil now obtains in the study of spelling is of the lowest char-

acter, — simply a discipline of the memory. Even if this be conceded, I do not believe any one will assert that the discipline acquired in the study of spelling is utterly valueless. It is worth something to the child. Now, if this discipline be lost, will there not be a positive loss to the pupil unless the same discipline be obtained from some other source? The discipline the child acquires in the study of spelling can be made serviceable at an early age, — at that age when they are too young and miniature for any study except the easiest reading and the most simple elements of numbers. It seems to me that the time devoted to the study of spelling is not thrown away, but is, on the other hand, beneficial. I do not know whether the professor desires to be understood as directing his lance against the time spent in speaking, writing, and history of the language, as well as against the spelling. The words he uses to express himself are open to that construction.

Prof. March tells us, in his quaint and archaic orthography, that "Welsh boys pick up Welsh, and German boys German, without formal teaching of speling. They read rite off as soon as they learn their leters." Well, are the Welsh boys and the German boys any smarter by reason of it? Is any man now prepared to assure us that the above facts account for the eminence attained by the Welsh and Germans, in a literary way, over the English and Americans? When Prof. March can show that the Welsh and German boys are able to master and complete the curriculum with greater ease and in less time than English boys and American boys, we will take some heed to the argument he deduces from the fact we quote from him.

The three professors, as I have heretofore stated, have a tenderness for the children of the future. They desire to lessen the hardships and lighten the burdens of the coming generation. And how do they propose to accomplish the desire of their hearts? They propose to take the language this generation uses, change, remodel, and reform it, until

it becomes a new and distinct language. This new language shall be the living language for the generations who follow us. The language we now use will then be a dead language. In this dead language will be immersed the literature of which the present age is proud. One of two things will result: The youth of the future will be ignorant of the treasures that now lie wrapped up in the language of the present, or he must learn two languages. It is hardly one of the probabilities to assume that all the literature of the present will be translated into the new tongue, nor even a considerable portion of it. The volumes are too many for such an undertaking. As a result, the student of the future will have one more dead language on the list of studies. This is backing one's friends with a vengeance. Now, I do not desire to leave this matter in just this shape, and have some one respond that the proposed reformation does not contemplate such modifications as will take the new and the old so far apart as I insist. The proposition is, as I have shown, to drop all letters not pronounced. One requires to be something of a scholar in order to recognize in *hlot*, *hlud*, *hnut*, *hrof*, *whot*, the popular words lot, loud, nut, roof, and hot; and I apprehend that when the student of the future, who is not learned in the English of the nineteenth century, has become accustomed to *tisik*, *rite*, *mite*, *lite*, *suverin*, *forin*, *agen*, *sum*, *wud*, *cud*, *saut*, etc., he will find, I think, that when he meets those words in their nineteenth-century dress, they will be to him a dead language, less comprehensible than the old English is to this generation. A mastery of the present spelling will require special study.

In his "New History of English and American Literature," Prof. Backus tells us that, "in their literary inheritance, the readers of the English language are the richest people that the sun shines on. Their novelists paint the finest portraits of human character; their historians know the secrets of entrancing and philosophical narration; their

critics have the keenest acumen; their philosophers probe far into the philosophy of mind; their poets sing the sweetest songs." It is now proposed to make this priceless and unrivalled inheritance of no value. In other words, it is now proposed to disinherit the English-speaking people of those treasures which the past and passing centuries have accumulated. And it is said that all this is proposed in the interest of the future generations. Some one has called him a benefactor of the race who makes to grow two blades of grass where only one grew before. But can we reasonably call him a benefactor of future ages who would compel the youth to master two languages, where now he has but one to conquer?

M. B. C. True.

NÁGÁNANDA.[1]

In the mere externalities of form, the *Nágánanda* closely resembles the modern drama of Western nations. It is elaborated into five acts, and within these occur minor changes of scene. The "asides," the exits, and entrances are quite after the fashion of those in our ordinary plays. Still, though its composition antedates the Norman conquest by more than a hundred years, and though it was performed in presence of cultivated audiences while yet the rude miracle-plays of Europe were struggling into form, and were being enacted for the entertainment of barbarous spectators, — for all this the *Nágánanda* is by no means to be counted among the pioneers of the Hindu drama. On the contrary, there is still extant a Sanskrit drama called *Mrichchhakati*,[2] or "Clay-cart," and of which the date is

[1] *Nágánanda*, or Joy of the Snake World. A Buddhist drama in five acts. Translated into English prose, with explanatory notes, from the Sanskrit of Sriharsha-deva. By Palmer Boyd, B.A. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

[2] Translated in full in Prof. Wilson's "Theatre of the Hindus," where it is called "The Toy Cart."

thought by some to be not later than the second century B. C. It is, besides, of great extent and consists of *ten* acts, "the plot being ingeniously developed," says Prof. Monier Williams, "and the interest well sustained by a rapid succession of stirring incidents and picturesquely diversified scenes of every-day life." Not only so, but the greatest of all Hindu dramatists, Kálidása, whom Sir William Jones called the Shakespeare of India, lived and wrote not far from the beginning of the third century A. D.; so that our Buddhist play belongs rather to the decline than to the early youth or the vigorous maturity of the mimetic art, as developed by our highly respectable cousins of India.

We may add that one of the first requirements of every Sanskrit drama (at least of every *Nátaka*, or "principal drama") was, that it must have the "five junctures," which seem to correspond broadly to the five chief stages of progress of all dramatic action. But, while a somewhat austere adherence to the law underlying this (due, doubtless, to a profounder comprehension of its significance,) has caused the drama of Western nations to be restricted almost wholly to five acts, the Hindus have, on the contrary, allowed themselves the utmost liberty in this respect, and have made their plays consist of such number of acts — from one to *fourteen* — as appeared to suit the theme in any given instance. It should be noted, however, that the *Nátaka* was understood to consist of not less than five nor more than ten acts.

Another peculiarity well worth mentioning is (to quote from Sir William Jones), that "the men of rank and learning are represented speaking Sanskrit, and the women Prakrit, which is little more than the language of the Brahmas, melted down by a delicate articulation to the softness of Italian; while the lower persons of the drama speak the vulgar dialects of the several provinces which they are supposed to inhabit.

One further remark, before entering upon our outline of the special drama now under consideration. From the

earliest ages, and, indeed, quite in accordance with the essential characteristics of the human spirit, there has existed the closest union, and even interpenetration, between art and religion. It has thus happened that wellnigh every genuine work of art has possessed a significance more or less profoundly religious. Hence, to fully understand such work, one must know some thing of the religious convictions of the people among whom it has been produced. For example, to be able to measure, with any approach to accuracy, a work like the "Prometheus" of Æschylus, or the "Zeus" of Phidias, or the Parthenon at Athens, one must possess a clear and fairly adequate conception of the religious convictions of the ancient Greeks; to appreciate in any worthy manner the "Last Judgment" of Michael Angelo, or the Cologne Cathedral, or "The Messiah" of Handel, or even the world-tragedy of the "Faust" of Goethe, one must have sounded some of the deepest depths of the Christian religion. So, likewise, to rightly estimate the value of a drama composed by a Buddhist of India, in the early part of the tenth century A. D., the student will not only find his task greatly facilitated by a comprehensive view of the corrupt Brahmanism of the sixth century B. C., but he will also find it wholly indispensable to know by what mighty convictions the soul of the Buddha, Sakyamuni, was impelled to the putting forth of his marvellously successful efforts to bring about a reformation. Nor must he neglect to obtain some degree of knowledge of the corruption and decay of Buddhism itself, this being necessary to the understanding, not only of such incidents as the introduction, in the play we are considering, of the goddess Gauri,[1] wife of Siva, but also, and more especially, of the final incident upon which the whole

[1] It is well to bear in mind that this goddess, like her consort, has two widely opposed characters, — the one relentless and blood-thirsty, the other mild and gracious. It is in this latter character, and especially as patron goddess of the marriage relation (like Juno among the Greeks), that she here appears. Siva is the destroyer, but also the regenerator, of the world.

interest of this drama turns, and which serves to develop the central characteristic of the hero.

We would not, indeed, wish to be understood as representing the *Nágánanda* to be a work of very remarkable artistic value. Judged from its own stand-point, it is doubtless to be esteemed a production of no mean merit; and, in any case, it is a fair representative of the later Hindu dramatic art. But beyond this, and in addition to the glimpse it gives us of Hindu social customs, we wish to remark, in advance, that — with whatever of extravagance it may here be presented — the central thought of the play corresponds to one of the deepest personal convictions of the Buddha himself, namely: that, to the individual, life is of value precisely in the ratio in which it results in the promotion of the welfare of others. And we need hardly remind the reader that benevolence, to the extent of self-sacrifice for the benefit of others, is a doctrine which (though with a far profounder meaning than is here exhibited) lies very near the heart of Christianity itself.

But, without further preliminary, let us proceed to give some brief account of this, to us, so strange production.

The prologue of the play begins, as is the custom in Sanskrit dramas, with a *Nándi*, or benediction; in this case, a sort of invocation to Buddha. Then enters the stage-manager, who states the occasion of the present performance, namely: a request on the part of the company of kings who have arrived from various districts, "dependents on the lotus feet of the noble King Sri-harsha-deva" (who, we must remember, was in popular legend, though fabulously, styled the author of our drama), to witness "that play named *Nágánanda*, connected with the sovereign of the celestial choristers."

At the conclusion of this announcement, an actress, weeping, appears upon the stage, and the manager at once inquires, "O lady, why do you weep unreasonably, when the *Nágánanda* is to be performed?" To which the actress

(who seems to be his wife) makes answer that she cannot but weep, since her father, "having discovered that he is old, and influenced by a sudden disgust for the world, and saying to himself, 'Art *thou* fit to support the duties of a household?' has gone with his wife to a sacred grove." At this the manager himself suddenly becomes quite distracted, and exclaims: "What! how! my two parents, leaving me, are gone to a sacred grove? What is now seemly to be done?" (*After thinking.*) "But how shall I remain at home, giving up the pleasure of attendance on my father? For, in order to perform the service of my father, I will quit the possession fallen to my lot, and go off this day to the forest, as did Jimútaváhana."

And thus, by a somewhat ingenious turn, the prologue concludes with the introduction of the hero's name, together with a leading incident of the drama itself,—a thing seldom or never neglected in Hindoo plays.

Jimútavàhana is, indeed, a prince, and heir-apparent to a great kingdom. His father, wearied with the cares of state, has abdicated, and gone with his wife to a consecrated forest, where he is living the simple, restful life of a hermit.[1] But Jimútaváhana himself is no less indifferent to the glories of empire; and, with no desires beyond those of a dutiful

[1] The abdication of a Charles V. excites the amazement of all Europe. The picture presented us in the drama before us indicates that what is so astonishing in the western world was a common custom in India. And this is confirmed by a passage in the Sakuntalá where Dushyanta, the hero, is made to say: "It is, I know, an established usage among the princes of Puru's race, to dwell at first in rich palaces, with stuccoed walls, where they protect and cherish the world; but in the decline of life to seek humbler mansions near the roots o venerable trees, where hermits, with subdued passions, practice austere devotions."

It is curious to find a tradition of the same custom among the kings of ancient Eran. In Spiegel's *Eranische Alterthumshunde* (I., 711) we find the following: "Now, finally, after we have noted the essential fact (*das Nöthige*) concerning the person of Zoroaster, we may turn to the reign of Gushtâsp, and hence to the spread of the religion of the prophet. Lohrasp had, during his lifetime transferred the realm to his son, and had himself *retired as a recluse* to a fire temple at Balkh."

son, he follows the aged pair to their lowly dwelling in the wood, caring only to minister to their simplest wants. This is the state of affairs at the opening of the drama, which introduces the unambitious prince in conversation with the Vidúshaka,[1] or king's clown, who, in accordance with Hindu custom, is a Brahman. The latter exhorts his royal master to relax somewhat the rigidity of his observance of filial duty, and to "taste the pleasure of sovereignty, sweet through the attainment of every wish." But Jimútaváhana replies, "O, friend, you speak not well. For, in this world, what is the splendor of one sitting on a throne compared with that of one in attendance on his parents? * * * Sovereignty is, in fact, only a trouble to one who has deserted his father." (And this, we may remark, by the way, seems some thing of a refinement even on the Mosaic idea of honor due to parents.) The vexation of the Vidúshaka is great, but this he conceals, and hints that there are other reasons beyond the mere enjoyment of the pleasures of empire which should move the prince to a care for his kingdom; and, in answer to inquiry, says plainly: "O, friend, your enemy, the base Matanga, is very daring; and whilst he is at hand, the kingdom, though duly governed by the prime minister, does not in your absence appear very firmly settled." This suggestion, however, in no wise excites the prince's wrath or apprehension. He only says: "If even it were so, why should it not be? Is not all I possess, even to my own body, kept for the benefit of others?" He even declares that, were it not for the command of his father to the contrary, he would save Matanga all trouble by voluntarily surrendering the kingdom to him.

Dismissing this subject, the prince calls to mind that his father has suggested a change of locality for the hermitage. He accordingly sets out, accompanied by the Vidúshaka, in

[1] Prof. Wilson suggests, aptly, that the single counterpart to this important character in Hindu plays, to be found in European literature, is Sancho Panza.

search of a suitable site. At length they approach an ascetic grove, in which the bark of the trees has been removed for clothing, though, as Jimútaváhana observes, "not in too wide strips, as if out of pity for them;" wherein we have an example of the common Hindu belief, that all objects of nature are animate in higher or lower degree,—some, both trees and animals, being esteemed divine, and worshipped with much devotion and sincerity. While resting in this grove, the attention of the prince and of his companion is aroused by soft strains of music, which seem to proceed from a small temple, not before observed, but which is now seen to be not far distant. They approach, and enter a place of concealment, that they may not disturb the musician, who is doubtless also a worshipper of some divinity. A slight change of scene brings into view two females, one of whom, the Princess Malayavati, is playing upon a lute and singing, her song being a prayer to the goddess Gauri. Jimútavàhana is charmed by the music, and a view of the songstress, stolen from his retreat, suffices to throw him into ecstacies with her beauty as well; observing which, the Vidúshaka exclaims, in a quiet "aside": "Good luck! though after a long delay, he is at last fallen into the power of love, or rather—" (*looking at himself, and gesticulating eating*)—"not so, but into the power of me single-handed, the Brahman;" whose imagination quite outstrips the fact, and already enters upon the enjoyment of the wedding viands. Meanwhile the hero, not content with the mere view of so adorable an object, ventures to make himself known, and attempts to enter upon conversation; but, quite overcome with modest confusion (and this in no wise diminished by the very tender sentiment which she at once experiences for the handsome stranger), Malayavati is wholly unable to utter a word. It is, in short, an unmistakable instance of love at first sight,—a circumstance which seems to have been considered pretty nearly indispensable in every Hindu drama. Thus they separate, each

in what might very properly be termed a desperate state of uncertainty as to the impression which the other has received. And with this the first act closes, yet not without the spectators being made aware that the father of Malayavati has already determined upon negotiations which he hopes will end in securing, as the husband of his daughter, the renowned Prince Jimútaváhana.

With the second act, consisting mainly of love-passages, insipid enough, we need not pause further than to thus briefly intimate its character.

The third act is occupied chiefly with incidents of the wedding-feast, among which are one or two partaking of the comic; and this with a degree of naturalness quite in contrast with the general tenor of the piece, which, to the dweller in the Occident (who, in these latter days, has for the most part either traced all marvels to vapor and magnetism or reduced them to mere subjective creations of his own), cannot seem otherwise than extravagantly overdrawn.

But toward the close of the feasting a shadow of grief appears. The bride's brother, Mitrávasu, approaches the bridegroom in solemn mood, and announces that Matanga (mentioned at the opening of the play) has now actually attempted the conquest of Jimútaváhana's kingdom. He assumes (naturally enough, one would suppose) that this will stir the anger of the prince; and, without pausing, he proceeds to express his own earnest wish to see the pretender punished, together with the fullest confidence that their combined forces can speedily put down the insolent attempt at usurpation. Judge of his astonishment and vexation, however, when he discovers that Jimútaváhana is wholly unmoved, except by the thought of bloodshed, and merely asks: "But how should I, a man who, through pity, though unasked, would give up his own body for the sake of another, permit the cruelty of destroying life for the sake of a kingdom?" and adds: "For my part, I can see

no enemy except the Klesas.[1] If, then, you would please me, pity that poor wretch who, for the sake of kingly power, has become the slave of the Klesas." Which leads Mitrávasu to say, in worldly wise: "One, forsooth, who has done so much good to us, and is in such misfortune, is well worthy of pity!" This bitterness, however, has no effect upon Jimútaváhana, other than to convince him that Mitrávasu's wrath is not to be turned aside, and he accordingly proposes a council within doors.

With the opening of the fourth act, we see Jimútaváhana and Mitrávasu upon the seashore, engaged in conversation. Reference is presently made to certain vast masses not far off, which Jimútaváhana mistakes for the Malaya hills, and which, by reason of the veils of white autumnal clouds, "exhibit all the splendor of the peaks of the snow-mountains." He is informed, however, that in reality they are "heaps of the bones of Nágas."[2] Instantly he is filled with the deepest sorrow at thought of the wretched Nágas who have thus suffered death; and, on asking how it could have happened, is informed that Garuda, king of birds, and an implacable enemy of the Nágas, had formerly been in the habit of daily devouring, at this place, a snake, "catching it up from hell, whilst the whole contents of the ocean were cleft asunder from top to bottom by the wind of his wings." The consternation which such unheard-of proceedings might well occasion among the unfortunate Nágas alarmed their king, Vásuki, who began to fear the annihilation of the entire serpent race. "He therefore," continued Mitrávasu, "addressed Garuda —" But into the midst of this

[1] The Klesas are the ten vices, viz.: Three of the body, — murder, theft, adultery; four of speech, — lying, slander, abuse, unprofitable conversation; three of the mind, — covetousness, malice, scepticism.

[2] The Nágas were a fabled serpent race, generally considered as having each a human form, with a serpent growing out of the back, and betimes raising its hooded head (or heads) above the human head. The Nága, in the form of a serpent merely, early became a sacred object, and finally an object of worship to the Buddhists. See Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship.*

sentence broke Jimútaváhana: "Did he say, 'Eat me first?'" In answer to which, the mild-souled prince was assured that Vásuki really made no such proposition, but only offered, for the sake of quietness in his own lower realm, to send up daily one well-selected Nága for Garuda's meal. Whereupon Jimútaváhana makes the most energetic speech of his life: "How well were the snakes defended by their king! Amidst his thousand double tongues, was there not one with which he could say, 'Myself is given by me this day to save the life of a snake?'" He is then told that, Vásuki's proposition proving acceptable to his feathered kingship, the agreement was formally entered into, and has since been faithfully carried out, whereby these heaps of the bones of departed Nágas, white as the snow-peaks, "have been increasing, do increase, and will increase as days go by." Quite lost in amazement and horror, Jimútaváhana exclaims absently, and aside: "Would that, by giving up my own body, I might save the life of a single Nága!"

For the rest, the plot need not be followed minutely. We see the hero fully taken possession of by the one all-absorbing idea of self-sacrifice for the good of others, while he is now brought into a situation where he may soon be afforded opportunity for its full realization. Indeed, Mitrávasu is presently called away, leaving his lofty-minded relative quite alone in this (to spirits of common level) so disagreeable neighborhood. Jimútaváhana is now upon the point of descending to the beach, when his attention is suddenly arrested by cries of distress. These, he soon discovers, are uttered by an aged woman, who is following a youth and exclaiming, "Alas! my son, Sánkachúda, how can I endure to see you slain this day?" A pathetic conversation ensues between the two, from which Jimútaváhana rightly infers that they are Nágas, and that the youth is the victim sent by the king of serpents to Garuda for this day's dinner. The hero now approaches and proposes

himself to put on the distinguishing garb, and offer himself in Sánkachúda's stead. To this, however, they refuse assent; but Jimútaváhana persuades the son to lead his mother away, that she may not die, also, in beholding the dreadful death of her son, — though this, it will easily be seen, is intended as well, and especially, to secure the absence of the true victim. Meanwhile, he places himself upon the rock of execution, having opportunely received a red garment which now serves him as the badge of the sacrificial offering. He has scarcely assumed the position of the victim when Garuda comes rushing on, "watched with terror by the elephants that support the earth." And now the prince, in his ecstacy from the fulfilment of his chief desire, exclaims: "Through the merit that I gain to-day by protecting a Nága at the sacrifice of myself, may I still obtain, in succeeding existences, a body to be sacrificed for others!" In his enthusiasm he even casts aside, as if without a thought, the ultimate desire which is presumed to shape the life of every Buddhist, namely, that of obtaining Nirvána, or final rest, from the toils of recurring states of existence.

As Garuda seizes the victim, drums beat behind the scenes, and a shower of fragrant blossoms falls. The king of birds is somewhat startled at this; for in Hindu faith, whether Buddhist or Brahman, these are extraordinary tokens of approval, given by the gods only on occasion of some highly meritorious deed, or other specially auspicious event. Garuda, however, immediately recovers his equanimity, and explains to himself that doubtless the tree of Paradise itself is shaken by the wind of his speed, and that the "clouds of doomsday give forth their growl, anticipating the world's immediate annihilation." He has, of course, not yet discovered how royal a sacrifice he is now accepting, and hence cannot in the least imagine that this demonstration may be in honor of the victim, rather than the result of his own dreaded power.

In the final act the parents of Jimútaváhana appear upon

the scene for the first time. These, together with Malayavati, are in a state of deepest anxiety on account of the prince's protracted stay in so dreadful a locality. Inauspicious omens cause their anxiety to deepen into alarm. Presently, too, Sánkachúda appears, showing every sign of anguish. He makes known that he was to have been the victim this day offered to Garuda for the safety of the Nágas, but that during his absence from the place of execution a magnanimous stranger has assumed the station and emblem of the offering, and has been borne away by Garuda. Wife and parents at once agree that this can be no other than their own Jimútaváhana, and determine, on the instant, to "mount the funeral pile and quench their burning sorrows in the fire." Sánkachúda, quite overwhelmed with grief to think that he has not only permitted another to die in his stead, but has thus brought this entire family also to a sorrowful death, begs them to delay, and follow him, for perchance Garuda, having discovered his error, will await the arrival of the proper victim, and thus all may again be well. With a faint gleam of hope, they comply with his suggestion, though not without carrying torches from the consecrated fire, wherewith to light the funeral-pile, should he whom they seek prove to have been indeed destroyed. Following their guide, they presently approach the place where Garuda is actually devouring the prince, who, however, still lives, though dreadfully mangled. Garuda is now made aware of his mistake, and is greatly dismayed on discovering that he has destroyed "that Jimútaváhana, prince of the Vidyádaras, whose fame he has repeatedly heard sung by the hosts of bards who traverse Lokaloka, sung on the slopes of Meru, in the caves of Mandara, on the table-land of Himavat, on Mount Mahendra, on the peaks of Kailasa, even on the heights of Malaya, and in the various caverns of the mountains that bound the world. Of a truth, I am plunged in a vast quagmire of iniquity!" After a moment's reflection,

he continues: "What a sin have I committed! In a word, this is a 'Bodhisattwa'[1] whom I have slain! I see no way of expiating my sin, except by entering the fire."

In his remorse, Garuda now begs Jimútaváhana to point out the way by which he may be cleansed from his guilt. In answer to which he is commanded to "cease forever from destroying life;" to repent of his former deeds of violence, and to "labor to gather an unbroken chain of good actions by inspiring confidence in all living beings." To this Garuda at once promises the strictest obedience.

And now Jimútaváhana's task seems accomplished to the full; the results, indeed, reaching far beyond his own expectations. He has not only saved the life of a single Nága, but through his nobility of soul he has subdued the mighty destroyer himself, and thus averted a dreadful death from innumerable other Nágas, and the fear of it from the whole race. At length the mighty spirit relaxes, and the hero sinks as if in a dying state. Yet once more he rouses himself sufficiently to give to his parents a parting salutation, and to repeat the prayer, already once uttered: "Through the merit that I gain to-day by protecting a Nága at the sacrifice of myself, may I still obtain in succeeding existences a body to be sacrificed for others." After which he sinks again.

All are now quite given over to despair. Yet a hint has caused Garuda to conceive the plan of persuading (or compelling) Indra[2] to restore to life by a shower of ambrosia,

[1] Bodisattwa, — one who, after but one more birth, will become a perfect Buddha, or, *One-who-is-enlightened.*

[2] Indra,— the Jupiter Pluvius of India. Whence one is almost irresistibly tempted to follow fashion, and interpret the entire plot of this play as a nature-myth, of which the hero is the sun; Garuda the fierce, chill wind which in winter swoops down daily, as on mighty wings, from the Himálaya range, and well-nigh destroys the sun (drives him far away, and robs him of half his strength), cleaves the ocean to its depths, and quite consumes all vegetation, leaving only the "skeletons" (seeds) of plants, on which (in the spring months) Indra lets fall ambrosial showers (of rain), restoring to life (apparently) the sun and

not only Jimútaváhana, but also "all those lords of Nágas that have heretofore been eaten" and are now only skeletons. As if to carry this thought into immediate execution, he takes his departure. Meanwhile the parents of the hero, with Malayavati and Sánkachúda, prepare to give themselves to the flames; on the eve of which Malayavati, looking up, with her hands together, utters this reproach: "O revered Gauri, it was promised by thee, 'An emperor of the Vidyádaras shall be thy husband.' How, then, in my case, wretched one that I am, have thy words proved untrue!" Upon which Gauri herself hastily enters; speaks briefly, but comfortingly, to Malayavati; then turns to the hero, sprinkles him with water from a celestial lake, and thus addresses him: "I am well pleased with thee, who, even at the cost of thy own life, wouldst benefit the world. Live, Jimútaváhana!" And he stands up, restored perfectly.[1]

In the midst of the consequent rejoicings, "a shower of

(really) the vegetation,—with whatever multitude of other pleasant fancies the reader's inclination may lead him to construct.

Note, in confirmation of this theory, that in Norse mythology the fierce winter winds are caused by a mighty giant, *Hraeswelgr* (corpse-devourer), who sits at the northern end of the heavens, in the form of an eagle, and when he attempts to fly, the flapping of his wings causes furious blasts of wind! See *Prose Edda*, § 18; also, *Elder Edda*, Vafthrudnismal, 37.

The incredulous may find still further confirmation in the myths of the American Indians. Dr. Brinton (Myths of the New World, 2d ed., pp. 107, 108) assures us that the Algonquins believe the winds are caused by birds, while "most of the natives of the north-west coast explain the thunder as the flapping of the wings of a giant bird, the lightning as the flash of his eye."

[1] Compare, in the *Hitopadesa*, the story of King Sudrac and his faithful guard, Viravara. The latter sacrifices his own son (who dies joyfully) to induce the goddess Lachsmi (the Hindu Fortuna) to continue her stay with his prince; then, saying to himself, "Without my boy, my own life is a fruitless burden," gives himself a fatal thrust; seeing which, his wife puts an end to her life. Covertly observing all this, Sudrac is amazed, and, in despair at the loss of so noble a servant, is about to fall upon his own sword, when Lachsmi appears and forbids the act. But he, falling prostrate before her, exclaims: "O goddess, I have no occasion for my realm, nor even for my life. If still thou hast any affection for me, let that hero, Viravara, with his wife and son, be restored to life by my death." In answer to which Lachsmi declares herself to be abundantly satisfied with the king's fervent piety, as well as with his love for

ambrosia is caused to fall by the repentant lord of birds," whereby the lords of Nágas that have formerly been devoured are all restored to life, and "plunge into the ocean by tortuous paths, like the waters of the rivers of the Malaya hills."

And now, again, the goddess addresses the hero: "O child, Jimútaváhana, thou art worthy of some thing more than the mere gift of life; therefore, this is my further blessing to thee: I, on this very spot, will make thee, in a moment, a universal emperor of the Vidyádaras, having sprinkled thee with purifying waters, produced ready at hand from my Mánasa lake, only sullied by the dust of the golden lotuses, shaken by the pinions of the wild geese, and placed in jewelled jars created by my will. Let the jewel of the golden wheel[1] come first, then the elephant with the four white tusks, and the dark-colored horse, and next Malayavati. O, emperor, behold! these are the jewels which I give thee. Yet further, — behold these nobles of the Vidyádaras, bearing in their hands chowries of the yak's tail, white as the autumnal moon, making, as they walk, and bow, and bend their bodies low in devotion, very rainbows with the rays of their gems, — and among them the villain Matanga and his fellows. Tell me, now, what yet further boon can I grant thee?"

And Jimútaváhana answers: "What boon can there be beyond this? Sánkachúda is delivered from him who was the dread of all the snakes; Garuda has been brought to a better mind; all the lords of the Nágas whom he had ever

his servant, and, promising the restoration of these three to life, commands him to go, live, and conquer.

The next morning Viravara was found at the gate, as usual, and making no sign, even when questioned, of what had happened during the night. Sudrac then called a council, related the whole adventure, and "conferred on Viravara, with great honor, the kingdom of Cárnata."

[1] One of the most sacred of Buddhist emblems. "The wheel, the elephant, the horse, and the queen, are four of the seven jewels which distinguish the universal emperor among the Buddhists."

eaten, he has now restored to life; my parents are yet alive, through the recovery of my life; imperial dignity has been obtained; and thou, goddess, hast been seen visibly present. What further boon can I ask of thee? Yet grant * * * that the clouds may, in due season, let loose their showers, * * * clothing the earth with green harvests in a continual succession! And may all my subjects, accumulating good works, and freed from all calamities, rejoice with minds untainted by envy, tasting unbroken pleasure in the society of relations and friends!"

And thus the play reaches a happy termination, yet not without conforming, in its own peculiar way, to another noteworthy and invariable rule of the Hindu drama, namely, that the last speech shall be a prayer for the general good, uttered by one of the principal characters.

Undoubtedly, in judging even of the form, and much more in judging of the matter of such a composition, one ought, in fairness, to assume as nearly as possible a standpoint from which he will have in full view the peculiar conditions under which it was produced. Judged in this way, there is far less extravagance than at first sight appears in the *Nágánanda*. The whole Hindu race are remarkable for their feeling of intimate relationship with the objects of nature. All things — trees, animals, rain and winds, even mountains and rivers — are, alike with man, but the expression or manifestation of Universal Being, and, as such, entitled to profoundest reverence. Deeply imbued with this conviction, yet without ever being able to penetrate to the real secret of genuine spiritual existence, the Hindu felt himself to be inseparably involved in natural existence, and hence the highest conception he could form of immortality was expressed in the doctrine of the transmigration of souls. But such an immortality could only be understood as entailing upon its possessor infinite weariness and pain. Hence *Nirvána*, or release from the turmoil of this never-ceasing round of varying states of existence, was the one thing

sought by the Buddha for himself, and which he spent his whole life in teaching others to seek. And we must remember that this, too, was but a developed form of a doctrine not uncommon among Hindus long before Sakyamuni himself was born. If, then, we give to this doctrine the (perhaps too) favorable construction accorded it by Max Müller and some others, we must doubtless consider it to have been a struggle in the direction of, if not an actual arrival at, the precise conception of spirit as self-existent, separate and apart from matter. In any case, along with this there came the ever-deepening conviction of the insignificance of temporal aims and struggles, and a corresponding exaltation of the value of, and the reverence due to, the mysterious principle of life, — a principle which seemed scarcely less mysterious or less worthy of reverence in the world of nature than in the world of man; for, as already intimated, whether viewed in the one or in the other realm, it seemed wellnigh impossible to look upon it as, in the final analysis, other than one and the same, — as the incomprehensible activity of the one Universal Being, manifested in myriad forms. Hence Jimútaváhana's indifference to empire, and his abhorrence of interference with the workings of the life-principle, as well as his perfect readiness, and even earnest anxiety, to sacrifice himself for the good of others, should be considered as not only the extreme logical outcome of one of the most important of Buddhist doctrines, but also, and especially, as the inevitable sequence of one of the most fundamental and most characteristic phases of Hindu faith; and the more especially when followed out literally, and with an intensity which excludes all other considerations, — an intensity by no means foreign to the Hindu mind, and not unusual in Hindu life.

But this paper already exceeds its proper limits. We must therefore leave to the reader the full development of such interesting reflections as that suggested by the noble

spirit, the modest aim, and the splendid results of the hero's self-sacrifice, namely: that the deed of a free — that is, spiritual — being must inevitably come back upon the doer; the good deed with its life-renewing power; and, conversely, the evil deed with all its destructive tendencies.

WILLIAM M. BRYANT.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A Short History of German Literature. By Prof. James K. Hosmer. St. Louis: G. I. Jones & Co. 1879.

The favor with which the "Short History" has been received has led to a second edition within the year, a fact upon which author and publishers are alike to be congratulated. The revised edition differs from its predecessor only by the correction of the few verbal errors, and by the addition of an index and of three appendices. In the first of these appendices, Prof. Hosmer extends his notice of Opitz; in the second, he qualifies his statement as to the moral superiority of Schiller to Goethe; and in the third he replies to the review made by Dr. Hedge. The criticisms of Dr. Hedge, it will be remembered, were administered in that spirit which, if we are to judge by some of the leading critical papers of the East, is the only proper means of meeting the forwardness of "*les nouveaux hommes*," — the elegancies of contemporary criticism as illustrated by Gifford and Hazlitt, by Milton and Smectymnuus. Prof. Hosmer's readers must judge as to the validity of his reply to Dr. Hedge, but they will agree with us in acknowledging that Prof. Hosmer rather more than preserves the amenities of controversy.

The publishers have greatly improved the appearance of the "Short History," both in respect to press-work and to binding. The press-work of this second edition is such as to make the book noticeably handsome, and the former binding has been replaced by the elegant style which has lately been used by the New York publishers.

In conclusion, we would congratulate Prof. Hosmer upon the improvement which he has made in the title-page, and express the belief that he may now regard his book as beyond the need of future revision. The publication of Bayard Taylor's book upon the same subjects will challenge special attention to the manner in which the work of each has been done, so that Prof. Hosmer may feel that he is fully entitled to the commendations which he receives.

Editor.

STUDIES IN LITERATURE, 1789–1877. By EDWARD DOWDEN. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

Mr. Dowden has been known to most Americans by his Shakespearian work and by his poems, and the impression made by these is such as to insure attention to any literary work upon his part. These "Studies in Literature" form one of the most attractive of recent books, and interest alike from Mr. Dowden's choice of subjects and from the appreciative spirit of his criticism. The titles of the several chapters are as follows: The French Revolution and Literature, The Transcendental Movement and Literature, The Scientific Movement and Literature, The Prose Works of Wordsworth, Walter Savage Landor, Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning, George Eliot, Middlemarch and Daniel Daronda, Lamennais, Edgar Quinet, On Some French Writers of Verse (1830–1877), The Poetry of Victor Hugo, The Poetry of Democracy, Walter Whitman.

Mr. Dowden, in his criticism, endeavors to identify himself with the author under consideration, and thus to fairly represent the impulses by which these authors were moved, and the conditions which determined the character of their efforts. In addition to this catholicity, which induces Mr. Dowden to present the virtues of his subjects, the style is so agreeable that an exact criticism becomes pleasurable even to the general reader.

In his preface, Mr. Dowden explains his aims as follows: "Upon the whole, I have cared more to understand than to object; I have tried rather to interpret than to judge."

Gleams of humor light up the work; and with perfect relevancy there is introduced a large number of reflections, which show Mr. Dowden to be an independent worker as well as a careful critic. For example, in connection with his discussion of the Transcendental Movement, Mr. Dowden says: "Accumulated materials, whether for food, fire, and clothing, or materials of knowledge to feed the intellect, do not satisfy the soul. Are we tempted to enter the fierce struggle for material success? Are we tempted to forfeit our highest powers in the mere collection and systematizing of knowledge? Let us pause; if our utmost ambition were gratified, how barren a failure would be such success. Nay, even in duties, in the items of a laborious morality, we may cease to possess that life which is also light and incommunicable peace. Surrounded with possessions of wealth, of state, of splendor, or

of culture, of erudition, of knowledge, or even of the dutiful works of a servant who is not a son, the inmost self may be poor, shrunken, starved, miserable, dead. What shall it profit a man though he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" In characterizing the temper of the eighteenth century, Mr. Dowden says: "The God worshipped at Whitehall was the moral governor of the universe, — benevolent, but not excessively benevolent; intelligent but not an abyss of unsearchable wisdom; energetic, but not interfering, save in an entirely constitutional manner, in the affairs of His subjects. All parties, deists and apologists, agreed that God existed; only it did not greatly matter to any one whether He existed or not. A kind of Whig oligarchy, consisting of second causes and general laws, could carry on the affairs of state very effectively by themselves; the awful, Divine King of Puritan theology had been reduced to some thing like the position of a Venetian doge."

Speaking of the High Church tendencies, Mr. Dowden says: "To deliberate over a mural diaper, to compare the patterns for altar furniture, afforded a gentle stimulant in the midst of parochial dullness. The taste for melodrama and martyrdom was not at that early date developed." EDITOR.

MILTON'S PARADISE LOST; Books I. and II., together with Milton's Lycidas. By HOMER B. SPRAGUE, M.A., Ph. D. Boston: Ginn & Heath. 1879.

The increasing interest in the study of English literature is manifested by the frequent editions of our standard authors. Most people of middle age remember Boyd's Milton, among their early studies, and can, from their experience, judge of the literary value of the study. Mr. Sprague replaces grammatical notes by æsthetical and historical remarks, — a change which is certainly in a right direction. The work of the editor is creditably done, and has been supplemented by excellent coöperation on the part of the puplishers. There is, however, a grave doubt about the value of the present mania for childhood's acquaintance with English classics. The immaturity of the pupil, the limited time at his command, the nature of his personal interests, — these all are considerations to be weighed against the desire of the parent that his child should be possessed of certain desirable knowledge.

School education may contemplate either of two ends: the accumulation of such facts as their elders have found of advan-

tage to themselves, or such mental training as shall stimulate the pupil to exert his powers, and provide him with the means for their proper exercise. Of course, neither aim necessarily excludes the other; but, in practice, the former will speedily lead to neglect of the latter. The accumulated knowledge of facts possessed by the most successful pupils is, after the last instruction, but insignificant. The mental training that the child may receive is what, in the practical world, distinguishes the educated and the illiterate.

The interest of the teacher is, therefore, to determine what studies are best calculated to give mental training, and to decide what adaptation of these studies is best suited to the age and powers of the pupil. It seems to us that, if a single author is to be studied as a type of literary excellence, none is comparable to Shakespeare; that, of all our great authors, Milton is the most unsuitable. If, contrary to the usual conditions of school education, the teacher can prescribe his own curriculum, and can distribute his time as best accords with his judgment, then the replacing of the higher readers by these literary monographs will promise excellent results. EDITOR.

POPULAR SCHOOL HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES. By JOHN J. ANDERSON, Ph.D. New York: Clark & Maynard.

This is the first application to a text-book of the recent idea of compiling history by selecting from each historian of settled reputation such passages as constitute the climax of his literary effort. The immediate result of this is, that literary power of rare excellence is brought to the attention and within the grasp of young pupils. Not infrequently it happens that the so-called practical teacher lacks the highest literary talent, and that the writers of literary merit mistake ends which they should like to see attained for ends which are attainable by pupils. Prof. Anderson has certainly displayed judgment in his choice of authors and of excerpts, and has been happy in supplying a connection between these extracts. The book is pleasant reading, and in this respect vindicates the claim of its author.

The acquaintance with historical bibliography is likely to be valuable to the teacher, rather than to the pupil; in fact, it is an interest almost impossible to a young person of the age of our grammar-school scholars. The summaries are well executed, and are invaluable features of the book. The description of causes

leading to the Revolution is, perhaps, the most unsatisfactory part of the book, although this defect is to be found equally in other text-books upon this subject. Prof. Anderson emphasizes the features of preferring civil progress to military or political progress. Whatever may be the relative value of these elements of history, it is an indisputable fact that, with the teaching power at our command, and with the immaturity of the pupils, the political history can neither be made interesting nor in the highest degree valuable. Prof. Anderson reduces to a minimum the number of dates to be remembered, and thus reduces the waste of labor too frequently imposed upon children.

Whether it is an advantage to include a history of the civil war, will be decided differently by different people. Those who emphasize the value of inculcating certain lessons, even at the cost of historic truth, would complain were this period omitted. On the other hand, many of our wisest educators hold to the belief that school instruction should be limited to truths established by common consent, and would therefore reprobate the introduction of contemporary history. EDITOR.

HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By T. R. LOUNSBURY. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1879.

The public is familiar with the convenient form and attractive style adopted by Henry Holt & Co., in their Hand-books for General Readers. In the present instance there is no loss. The work of Mr. Lounsbury has one characteristic which we could wish to be more common, — a close adherence to the objects proposed in the preface. Mr. Lounsbury furthermore keeps himself entirely free from that bias which generally marks the work of special students. While the history of the language is told in words well chosen and readily intelligible, while emphasis is laid upon the value of the study of language, Mr. Lounsbury manages to avoid overstatement. The information furnished by this book is desirable for every reader, and we feel that we do a service by recommending it to all who use books. EDITOR.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN POETS. By EDWARD STANHOPE PEARSON. London. 1879.

This book contains a poetical English version of one hundred and twenty-two of the finest German poems, written by Buerger, Goethe, Schiller, La Motte, Fouqué, Chamisso, Kerner, Uhland,

Eschendorff, Rueckert, Fedlitz, Koerner, Mueller, Platen, Heine, etc., in the original metre, as well as rhyme and rhythm. Whether the author has succeeded in his endeavor, our readers may judge from the following: —

THE LORELEY.

A feeling of sadness comes o'er me;
Its cause I do not know.
A tale of years long before me
From out my mind will not go.
Cools airs at twilight are blowing,
And silent flows the Rhine;
The mountain-tops still are glowing,
As fades the last sunshine.
There sits the maiden fairest,
Above, — a wondrous sight;
She sparkles with jewels rarest,
And combs her locks so bright, etc.

W. H. ROSENSTENGEL.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ART. Being the Second Part of Hegel's Æsthetik. Translated, and accompanied by an Introductory Essay giving an outline of the entire Æsthetik. By WILLIAM M. BRYANT. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1879.

This is a work that will be welcomed by all students of art, and one which reflects great credit upon its author. Whether, or not, one is himself a Hegelian, every one must recognize the fact that the disciples of Hegel are numerous enough and of sufficient ability to awaken inquiry as to Hegel's doctrines. Hegel's writings on Æsthetics have been inaccessible to the general student because of the want of a reasonable translation, and this want has now been supplied by Mr. Bryant. At some future time we shall present a suitable review of this work; for the present, we desire only to announce its appearance. EDITOR.

GERMAN IRREGULAR VERBS. By WILLIAM H. ROSENSTENGEL, Professor of German in the University of Wisconsin.

It is a pleasure to call attention to text-books which show the results of valuable personal experience in the class-room, in addition to the scholar's broad culture. No one but a teacher who had wrestled sucessfully with the problem of teaching his own vernacular, could present so clearly and sympathetically the difficulties which meet the student at every step. Not only the beginner of German, but the well-advanced reader and ambitious speaker of

German, will find in this carefully prepared list a help out of all perplexities. The bugbear in every foreign language is, of course, and always, the "irregular verbs," and we are sure that we are expressing the general gratitude for a means of overcoming them.

E. S. M.

HILFS UND UEBUNGSBUCH BEIM UNTERRICHT IN DER DEUTSCHEN SPRACHE, is the title of another book by the same author, the English name of which is "Lessons in German Grammar." We should infer that it is intended for students who already speak and read the language, for the reason that the definitions and explanations are generally given in German. The exercises are complete and full; the construction of sentences is treated with a clearness and fulness which we have not met in other grammars, while the exercises in composition and paraphrasing — the only work which tests real possession of a language — are quite a new feature. Both this and the "Irregular Verbs" are valuable books for reference for those who have passed the initial steps in the study of German, but who still need a convenient and trustworthy text-book within reach.

E. S. M.

FRENCH COURSE. By JEAN GUSTAVE KEETELS. Publishers: Clark & Maynard, 5 Barclay Street, New York.

1. A child's illustrated first book in French. 144 pp. 60 cents.
2. An elementary French grammar. 264 pp. 75 cents.
3. An analytical and practical French grammar. 524 pp. $1.20.
4. A collegiate course in the French language. 550 pp. $1.
5. An analytical French reader. 320 pp. $1.

The aim of No. 1 is to teach children to speak French as they learn their mother-tongue.

No. 2 is intended for grammar-school students. Its purpose is to train students in the principles of French grammar, and to accustom them to speak French by oral instruction.

No. 3 contains a complete system for learning to read, write, and speak French. The practical part consists of oral exercises in the form of questions, which the teacher asks of the pupil, who is to answer them directly in French. The theoretical part comprises the whole grammar in fifty-four lessons, accompanied by English exercises to be translated into French. After the fortieth lesson, the first book of Telemachus takes the place of the oral exercises.

No. 4 is designed for colleges. The first part contains a treatise on French pronunciation; rules of gender; etymology; exercises for translation; the Latin elements common to both the French and English. The second part contains syntax; a collection of idioms; exercises for translation.

No. 5 contains reading lessons; analysis, with study of notes on grammar; exercise for translation; oral exercise for practice in speaking. In the first part, fables, anecdotes, and short stories; in the second part, selections from the best writers, — Buffon, Fénelon, Guizot, Hugo, Sand, Sue, Sardou, Thiers, etc., — are given.

Nos. 3 and 5 are excellent text-books for high schools. The rules in No. 3 are short and clear, the oral exercises well adapted, and the translation-lessons not too long, and well selected. The reader is, especially, an excellent book. The pieces are not only well selected, but are also arranged in progressive order; the English exercises for translation are framed in imitation of the French text, which furnishes the materials of which the sentences are composed; the vocabulary has been prepared with great care. It is a pity that the reader does not contain some French poems.

No. 4 is the most exhaustive grammar we have seen here. Pages 187–222 contain idioms and proverbs which are very profitable to the student.

For high schools and colleges, books Nos. 3, 4, and 5 can be highly recommended. W. H. Rosentengel.

Ohio Educational Monthly. W. D. Henkle.

The last few numbers have been occupied with the proceedings of the Ohio Teachers' Association, and many of the articles possess special interest for those who are interested in matters educational. In the December number the more noticeable articles are: "Discussion of German in the Public Schools," by L. R. Klemm, and "The True Legal Basis of our Public School System," by D. F. De Wolf. Editor.

CURRENT NOTES.

GOLDWIN SMITH, through the November *Atlantic*, presents, under the title of "A Moral Interregnum," some considerations upon the history and effects of pessimism. At a time when so many are interested in the influences of our present civilization, such a contribution as Goldwin Smith's deserves more than a passing notice. Prof. Smith reviews the history of religious decadence and revival, and endeavors to show the supreme need of a religious idea.

THE artists' sale of recent date gives evidence that at least the interest in the fine arts is increasing among our citizens. One hundred and fifty-five paintings were sold, at fairly remunerative prices, and the names of the purchasers indicate a large increase in the number of those who are beginning to embellish their dwellings. The pictures indicated marked improvement upon the part of the exhibitors, Messrs. Meeker, Tracy, and Marple, and the interest manifested in the sale must be encouraging to the artists.

THE Manual-Training School of the Washington University has issued its catalogue, and we are thus informed that arrangements for its conduct have been satisfactorily completed. The faculty have happily avoided the mistake of making manual training a substitute for an elementary intellectual training, instead of its supplement. It will be of general interest to our readers to know of the initiation of this enterprise, for its success will have interest for more than those who directly receive its training.

WE take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers, though at a somewhat late date, to an able article, entitled "Malthusianism, Darwinism, and Pessimism," which appeared in a recent number of the *North American Review*. The author, Prof. John Fiske, has there given a statement of the doctrines peculiar to these so-called schools of philosophy, together with many well-stated and forcible objections. The Malthusian doctrine of over-

population he shows to be contrary to principle, as well as contradicted by historical evidence; the doctrines of the Darwinists and pessimists he regards as of similar nature, and open to the same objections.

Malthus and his followers are, without doubt, to be classed as pessimists, and the latter school is certainly the logical result of the former; but it seems somewhat difficult to understand why the author should class Darwin and his adherents with these. If the "survival of the fittest" be taken as the cardinal doctrine of the Darwinian school, as Prof. Fiske insists, why is it not as applicable to an optimistic belief as to the opposite? Admitting the doctrine to be universally true, it merely asserts that the organism will survive which is best adapted to the surrounding conditions. If such conditions are calculated to sustain more advanced or complex organisms, an improved product results; under opposing conditions, the product is degenerate. Whether, then, Darwinism is to be thought of as a form of optimism or of pessimism, depends upon the direction in which these determining conditions are supposed to change. It may certainly be true that man and the oyster cannot exist under the same conditions; that the lower forms of life are more persistent than the higher; or even that, in the case of the human family, the present conditions are not perfectly adapted for the development of the imaginary perfect man. The optimist may freely admit all this without surrendering an iota of his hope and faith, but may confidently expect continuous improvement of the conditions of existence, with its developing forms of life.

Geology and history alike are evidences of this persistent advance, — this determining and directing purpose. That dread of evil — springing from misconceived notions of what constitutes an evil, or from misreadings of universal law, or, possibly, from a dyspeptic temparament — should be allowed to offset the testimony of ages, is what we might expect in children, but not in philosophers; and pessimism is but the illogic of apprehension. The Darwinian doctrines depend for their force largely upon the application we make of them. "The survival of the fittest" needs careful definition, and care must be taken not to read into the terms any of our own preconceived opinions. What appears to us to be most

fit, may, in truth, be any thing else. Allowing that the increment to our population comes from the "lower classes," while the "upper classes" tend towards extermination, shall we therefore conclude that the race is necessarily degenerating? Are we competent to decide that the so-called lower classes do not, in respect to native power and capacity, develop more rapidly than the higher, from the fact that their lives are less artificial, and their impulses enjoy a greater amount of healthy and natural exercise.

The Roman civilization no doubt appeared to the thinkers of the fifth century immeasurably superior to German barbarism, but the overthrow of the empire and the introduction of barbaric vigor rendered possible the higher civilization of the present. If our ideals are destroyed, pessimism is not therefore established; if the objects of our admiration or worship are overthrown, the collapse of the universe does not necessarily result. These things, rightly considered, are but incentives to a more perfect comprehension of the truth of things; that, with a wider range of vision, and a fuller belief in the innate fitness of things, we may maintain our complacency even while the stubborn force of events is everywhere falsifying our subjective notions of what ought to be.

Technicalities in Science. — It seems plain that the common speech of men is inadequate to the needs of science. At least, every science works out a vocabulary for itself. This vocabulary is a source of great convenience to those who understand and use it, although outsiders may find it strange and barbarous. A little consideration, however, will show how inevitable the formation of a technichal vocabulary is.

Science does not induct us into a world different from the ordinary one in which we live; it is the same assemblage of events, and things, and laws; but science transforms it into a systematic order of relations. The confused notions of what the world is, with which we begin, require considerable correction and readjustment, and science is the agency by which such correction and readjustment are made. From this point of view, the *practical* value of science, in its broadest acceptation, ought to be clear. Now, the readjustment spoken of necessitates the formation of a new vocabulary; with the rise of new conceptions, the formation

of new words must keep pace. Science lifts the world of our every-day experience into a higher realm of thought, and finds for this higher thought an appropriate language.

Science, moreover, classifies; it divides the world of thought into sections, and subjects each to a persistent scrutiny. Hence arise sciences, and a technique special to each.

We should consider a man absurd who objected to mathematics because it discusses infinitesimals, transversals, isoperimetry, and other subjects about which he happens to be in ignorance. Mathematics might properly say that, in virtue of her position as a science, she has only exercised her prerogative of forming a language suitable to the needs of the realm over which she rules.

To the outsider, technicalities are always an offence and obstacle. Why should not science be able to state her principles in language which a plain man can understand? What is the use of this jargon, so offensive to good taste and so opposed to our ordinary habits of speech? The student replies that the scientific exposition is the only possible one; that he has thoughts to communicate which refuse any other expression, and for which the common speech is altogether unserviceable. The chemist *must* speak of salts and bases; the astronomer, of nodes and perihelions; the physician, of zygomatic processes and lumbar vertebræ; the lawyer, of torts, and writs, and precedents.

The thing to be learned here is a reasonable acquiescence. What the great masters of science have found needful for the full expression of their meaning, we shall do well to accept, and not imagine ourselves able to dispose of, or even do without.

Most sciences, indeed, have now won for themselves the right to express their thought in such terms as they have constructed. In the minds of some persons, however, there seems to be one exception. Metaphysics (which every body is supposed to understand without study, — for have we not all minds, and the power of introspection?) is to be destitute of special terms, is to be free from technicalities, is to have no so-called "technique." But metaphysics claims to be a science, and has long ago won her right to be so considered. Her technicalities are no better and no worse than those of chemistry, or law, or medicine. She has a full right to them, and cannot do without them. It is easy enough

to object to "being" and "nothing," "somewhat" and "other," "self-diremption of the one," "identity of contradictories," "howness," "whyness," "whereness," and so on, but it is just as rational as it is to object to "alkali and anhydride," "pericardium and pons Varolii," or the wearisome legal "whereases" and "aforesaids" and "hereinbefore-mentioneds."

To him who *knows*, technicalities are indispensable in all scientific procedure. To the outsider, who has not cared to study, they may be unmeaning, but his objections are only self-criticisms, and recoil upon himself; for he merely displays his ignorance and apparent indifference to what the wisest men of all the ages have agreed to consider some of the highest truths accessible to man's intelligence.

L. J. Block.